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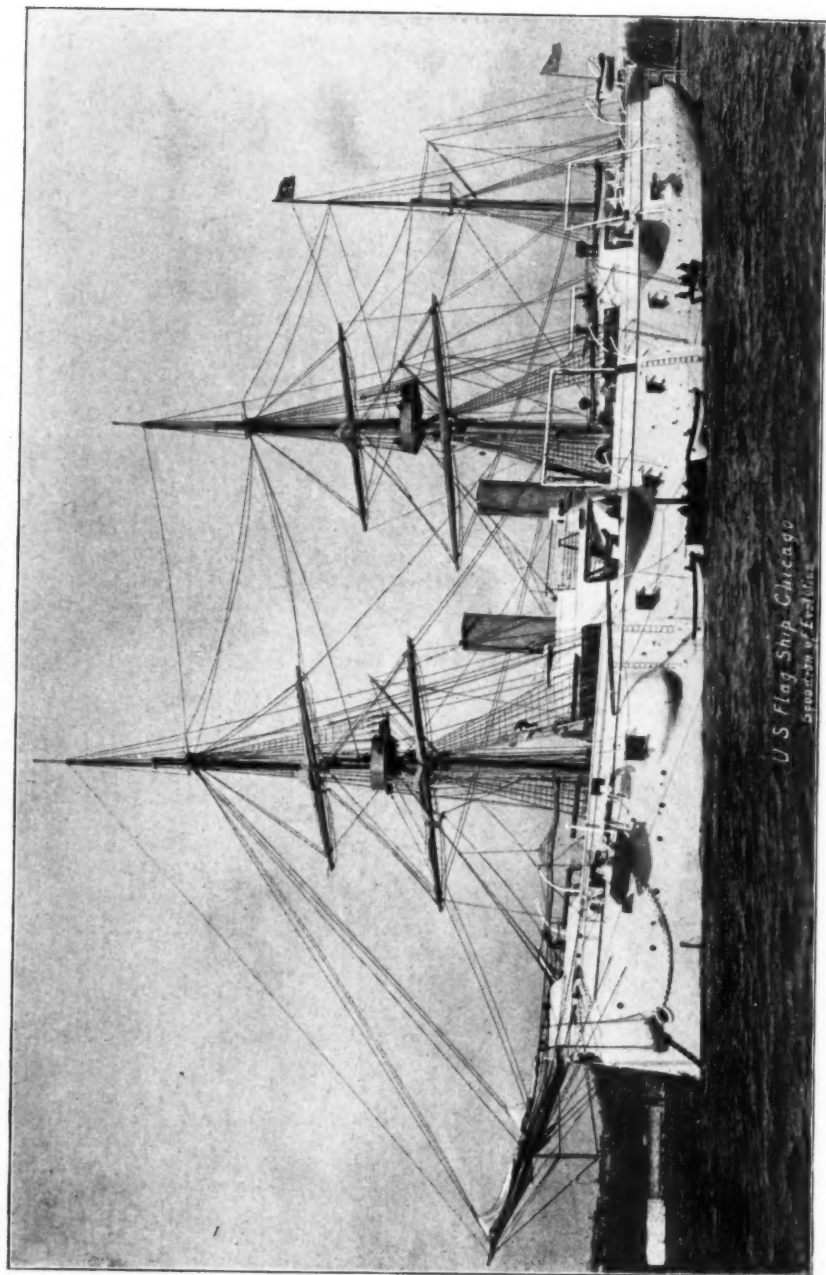
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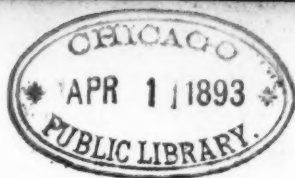
THE ARTHUR JOURNAL CO.

NEW YORK

1893



ADMIRAL WALKER'S FLAGSHIP JUST ORDERED TO BRAZIL



ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1892.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN BRAZIL.

BY HON. ROBERT ADAMS, JR.,

LATE U. S. MINISTER TO BRAZIL.

YOU probably remember the short space in the geography devoted to Brazil, giving the dimensions of that country, some of its exports, and mentioning one or two of its principal cities. And this is all it had to say of a country equal in size to the United States, barring Alaska; equal in the richness of its

land, it is not to be wondered that the people seek to learn more of its history and resources, inspired by the recent stirring events happening in that land of the unexpected.

Before proceeding to the more interesting part of our inquiries relating to the domestic and social life of the new Re-



A SMALL PORTION OF THE PUBLIC GARDEN, RIO DE JANEIRO.

soil and of its precious metals; a nation with fifteen million inhabitants; possessing a coast line of four thousand miles in extent, indented with capacious harbors, that of Rio de Janeiro being considered the finest in the world. Such being the amount of information furnished by our educators regarding this magnificent

public, the reader's indulgence is asked for a few statistics, somewhat dry, to be sure, but the best way to convey some idea of the development and rapid progress already made.

Brazil contains three million two hundred and fifty thousand square miles; it extends in latitude $5^{\circ} 10'$ north to $33^{\circ} 45'$

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EX-MINISTER ADAMS.

By the kindness of the *Illustrated American* of New York.

south, which, with its sea-coast, mountain ranges, and high interior plateau, gives a variety of climate afforded by no other single country on the globe, and producing a variety of productions unequalled. In the tropical north, rubber, cinchona (quinine), and cocoa grow; farther south, cotton and sugar; in the region around Rio de Janeiro, coffee; while in the extreme south, wheat, corn, and cattle thrive. Fruits, flowers, and vegetables can be found by every traveler that are familiar in his own home, wheresoever it may be, in some part of this vast area. An estimate of the fertility of the soil can be formed by the export of the coffee berry, which amounts in value to seventy million dollars a year, and plenty of land favorable for its cultivation lies in unlimited acres as yet unoccupied. Forty

million dollars' worth of india rubber is gathered in the forests of the Amazon and exported annually. The total exports of Brazil amount to two hundred and fifty million dollars, all of which may be said to be of nature's production. Five thousand miles of navigable river-routes extend into the interior, and six thousand miles of railroad are already constructed. Sixteen thousand miles of telegraph are in operation; the telephone and electric lights are in all the principal cities. Fifteen thousand steamers enter into and depart from the ports annually. Of the rapid development of this wonderful country, some idea can be formed when the statistics for 1867 show a revenue from the Custom House of forty million dollars, and 1889 of sixty million dollars; from the Government telegraph, twelve thousand six hundred to one million two hundred thousand dollars; and the number of letters passing through the Post Office from two million five hundred thousand to five millions. There are eight thousand six hundred and fifty-one schools in Brazil, with two hundred and eighty-five thousand students in attendance. The army consists of twenty-five thousand men in all branches of the service, and the navy of five thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, with several of the finest iron-clads in the world.

The inhabitants of Brazil present as great a variety of race as does its climate and temperature. At the extreme north,

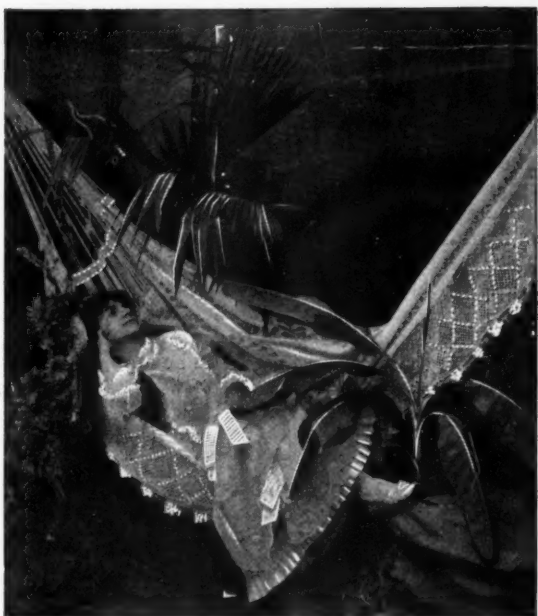
bordering on the Equator, the Negroes and Indians predominate, with many cross breeds, intermingled with Portuguese and other foreign blood. As we proceed south, the full-blooded Brazilian or Portuguese increase in ratio, and the foreign residents grow in number. This is more striking at the capital and principal port of Rio de Janeiro, where the English, German, and French colonies are of considerable size, although the Negroes, recently liberated, throng the streets and most of the



"THE CORRIDOR" ON THE ROAD TO PETROPOLIS THAT COST A MILLION DOLLARS A MILE TO BUILD.

manual labor is performed by them. In the interior, many Italians are found on the coffee plantations, having taken the place of the late slaves. In the southern province of Rio Grande do Sul, there are some two hundred thousand Germans settled. The present migration of Russian Jews will add another race to this curious population.

The Brazilians are polite, loquacious, liberal, and charitable, but not very hospitable to strangers, at least in the cities, although I found the contrary in the interior at the plantations, where all were made welcome. They are lazy to a degree, probably owing to the climate, which is debilitating on the coast. The characteristic words of the country are "patienza" and "amanha," which, being interpreted, mean "never be in a hurry, or do to-day what can possibly be put off until to-morrow." No Brazilian, in high life or low, ever does anything he can possibly put on some one else. A German lady who took charge of a house well supplied with servants declared it was impossible to get any work done. One day she gave strict orders that the *salon* was to be cleaned; being disobeyed, she called the head servant for an explanation. He replied that he had told Alfredo to do it; the latter said he had instructed Johan to clean the room, and so it went down the list of seven servants, until it was impossible to place the responsibility. These men were Portuguese, not Negroes. Many of the latter are of magnificent physique, especially the coffee carriers, who bear the bags weighing one hundred and thirty pounds, on their heads, carrying them with grace and ease. They sing a sort of chant while working, to which they keep step cheerfully, but once their task is accomplished, they seek a shady nook and slumber until



AN AVERAGE AFTERNOON.

again called into action. Everything possible is carried on the head, from a basket to a piano. It is a common sight to see four men supporting a piano on their heads, with a fifth walking ahead to clear the way, and in turn relieving one of the men at the four corners. The effect of this portage is noticeable in the carriage, especially of the women, who are erect and graceful in their movements.

Carriages are rarely seen in the streets, every one using the street cars. The exceptions are on occasions of funerals and weddings, when a grand display is made in proportion to the wealth of the participants. In the latter ceremony the bridal couple ride in a coupé handsomely lined with white satin and drawn by white mules. The two men on the box are in gorgeous livery, with wide gold bands on their hats. In the humbler walks of life the bridal party walk to the church, presenting a very pretty picture.

The *fête* of Christmas is kept with great ceremony, like in all Roman Catholic countries, but it is difficult for the North-

ern man to realize the celebration, coming as it does in mid-summer with the thermometer above 90°, and the tropical sun pouring down its fierce rays dispels his idea of Santa Claus in his sleigh dashing over the snow-covered roofs. The one home sight is the New England pippins exposed in the shop windows. Once a year a cargo of ice and apples is shipped in time to arrive at the end of December. The fruit brings high prices, as the apples from Argentine are not yet ripe. The ice is sent to preserve the fruit only, for it is manufactured and sold more cheaply in Rio than it could be imported.

The principal artistic trait is their love of music. It is a very poor house that does not have at least one piano in it, and it has been estimated that there are more pianos in Brazil in proportion to the population than in any other country, Germany not excepted. There is as much bad music drummed there, perhaps, as anywhere else, owing largely to the dampness of the climate, which puts the pianos out of tune, but there is no prettier light music composed than in Brazil.

The tie of kinship is especially noted among the Brazilians, and the life is a thoroughly domestic one. The women of the upper classes are rarely seen in the streets, in fact rarely leave their homes except to go to the opera or to a ball, where they appear in gorgeous gowns and unlimited diamonds. The writer was particularly impressed on the occasion of the celebration of the Emperor's birthday, which was always kept as a *fête*. In the evening the imperial family attended the opera in state, occupying the Grande Loge. At the entrance of the royal family chamberlains announced their coming, when the entire audience arose and remained standing until the imperial suite were seated. Two tiers of boxes surrounding the parterre, were filled with the nobility and fashion of Rio de Janeiro. The women were dressed in magnificent gowns of brilliant colors. The famous Brazilian diamonds flashed in all directions. The men, decorated with their various orders, studded with jewels, added brilliancy to the scene. The in-

spiriting strain of the national anthem, mingled with the cheers from the galleries, thrilled the onlooker unused to the pomp of royalty. This was followed by a somewhat ludicrous custom of the occupants of the galleries. Whenever these "gods," composed principally of students, are especially pleased with the rendition of an aria in the opera, they break forth into wild and exciting applause. A special act of approval consists in the throwing of their hats on to the stage. The writer has been informed, however, that they are very careful to go to the rear door to have them returned after the performance.

Paris sets the mode as to dress, but the colors are of more brilliant hues. As for their shopping, it is done at home by samples sent round from the merchants or brought to their doors by peddlers. The latter have their yard-sticks divided in two and joined at the centre by a hinge, and announce their coming by clapping the parts together, which produces a sharp, clear sound that can be heard quite a distance. The women are kept in seclusion, and their admirers have a hard time to obtain interviews. The lower windows are protected by protruding bars of iron gracefully curved in shape, and while the expectant lover awaits the hoped-for appearance of his fair one, he is said to be "chewing iron."

The French system of espionage over the girls prevails, and marriages are usually arranged by the parents. The women mature young and marry often at the age of sixteen, but age in appearance very rapidly. They are not so handsome as the women of Uruguay and Argentine, for the Portuguese type is not as beautiful as the Spanish.

The domestic life and the tie of kinship form a striking characteristic. The families are usually large—six or seven children being the ordinary number, and often exceeding that limit. Each family lives much to itself, even in the cities, and their entertainments are confined to their relatives or immediate neighbors. Even the furniture seems to be arranged in conformity with this idea. A long sofa placed against the wall will have two rows

of three or four chairs each facing, and placed at right angles to the arm of the sofa, thus enabling ten people or a family to sit in close proximity. A rug or mat occupies the centre of the space so inclosed, while the rest of the floor is usually bare. This is owing to the hot climate and to the innumerable insects that abound. For the same reason the furniture is generally made of cane or hardwood.

Out-door life in the streets of Rio presents an animated scene early in the morning, the markets especially; these

begrudge the fare of ten cents for the clean, comfortable, and rapid ride. These roads were introduced and constructed by Americans, and on the true American plan. The bonds only were subscribed for, and the stock given to the bondholders for nothing. It was the placing of these bonds on the Brazilian stock market that gave to the cars of the new enterprise the name by which they are known. On the halting of the car, either to take on passengers or to change horses, it is immediately surrounded by numerous boys carrying trays of daintily made



STREET IN PETROPOLIS, THE SUMMER CAPITAL OF BRAZIL.

have fruit and flowers, and are thronged with Negroes in gaudy attire, and with voluble tongues praising the quality of what is offered for sale. These were nearly all formerly slaves, and, like our own Negroes, have flocked to the cities when freed.

A stranger is struck by the "Bonds," as the Brazilians call the street cars. Light in structure, being all open, they are made fairly to fly by the two miniature mules who draw them at a full gallop. The number of passengers is limited to that of the seats, and one does not

sweetmeats artistically covered with colored paper, accompanied with the cries of "Bala! Bala!" The Brazilians buy these in large quantities for their children, and it is a not unusual sight to see a stranger treat any little ones on the car.

The streets in the old part of the city are narrow and crowded. A traveler looking at the corner for the name of the street will probably be disappointed only to find a painted arrowhead pointing either up or down the street. Upon inquiry, he would learn that vehicles could

only go in the direction indicated by the arrowhead. This is necessary, as vehicles could not pass. In the newer portions of Rio, the streets are wide, with avenues of trees, and well paved. The great want, however, is a grand boulevard for driving. No city possesses more beautiful suburbs, with the foothills of the Organ Mountains running almost into its very streets; but no advantage has been taken either of that fact or of the lovely front along the bay to construct such a drive.

A description of life in Brazil would be incomplete without reference to that on the fazendas. While traveling through the coffee district of San Paulo, our party received an invitation from the Marquis do Tres Rios to spend a day at his fazenda, which was opened especially to receive us. In traveling over the railroad to reach Santa Gertruda, we passed Santa Barbara, where, at the close of our civil war, was started an American colony of Southerners who could not live in a country where slavery did not exist. Their numbers have gradually lessened,

until a more dilapidated or demoralized set of human beings one seldom sees, and, unable to get away, they are compelled still to live in a country with slavery a thing of the past. On leaving the train, a rough ride in a *trolley*, a species of buckboard without any springs, brought us to what resembled on first view a military post on our Western plains. Several acres of ground are inclosed by a high wall which you enter by an enormous gate. A long, low house, of unusual proportions, only one story in height, occupies one side of the inclosure, which contains ten bedrooms, four salons, and a dining-room which would seat seventy people at table, all on one floor. In front was a large square paved with brick, which looked like a parade ground, but in reality is used for spreading and drying the coffee. At the other end of the square is the overseer's house, long, low, flat and whitewashed, with two enormous store-houses on either side. On the left side of the square were the former quarters of the slaves, now unoccupied, and to the right the building where the coffee is shelled, cleaned, and put into bags.

The most beautiful machinery, propelled by steam, now does the work hitherto done by the hands of hundreds of slaves, and in a more economical and satisfactory manner. Twenty thousand bags are shipped annually from this plantation alone.

After inspecting the works, we drove half a mile to see the coffee under cultivation. We first approached what was apparently a village, regularly laid out, composed of neat cottages, and occupied by three hundred Italians, imported to supplant the slaves in cultivating the trees. As the men doffed their caps and the signoras courtesied, it was hard to realize that it was the sun of Brazil that poured down upon us, and not that of balmy Italy. As we looked on, we could not but feel thankful that these smiling and free emigrants replaced the hard driven slaves, for judging from the quarters in which they had been locked nightly, life for them could scarcely have



DOM PEDRO AND FAMILY.

From photograph taken just before his retirement from the Throne.

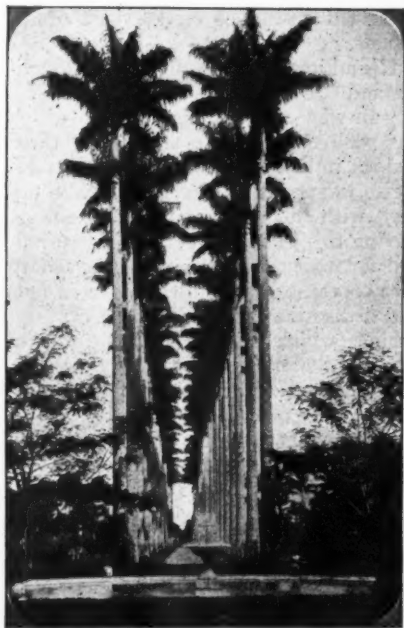
been endurable. Having inspected the long rows of coffee trees which extended almost as far as eye could reach, we returned to the fazenda. Sitting on the piazza, tired after our day's work, we watched the sun, glorious with its tropical tint, sinking slowly into the misty horizon. The gates were closed, the guard's horn sounded at intervals to show that he was on duty, the bell of the factory tolled half-hourly, rung by the watchman; all nature became still; the moon slowly rose, and ere our cigars were finished, it was again almost as bright as day. A gentle breeze wafted by us, and a sensual feeling of ease and contentment stole over us, only to be experienced in the tropics, and formed a night not easily to be forgotten.

While writing this article, the news comes of the death of Dom Pedro de Alcantara, the late Emperor of Brazil. His death will cause a shade of sadness to fall upon all who knew him, arouse the sympathy of the world to his misfortunes, and cause deep grief in his native land, where he was beloved by his people. That he still held their affections was lately evidenced by the vote of their representatives in both houses of Congress. The government desired to pay his pension in Brazilian currency, which has so fallen in value that his income would have been reduced one-half. The Senate and House of Representatives not only rejected the proposition, but voted that the difference in premium should be made up from the time of his banishment.

The writer will never forget his first meeting with the late Emperor; it was on his presentation at Court when presenting his credentials as Minister Plenipotentiary. Ushered into the throne room of the royal palace by the court chamberlain, he beheld standing on the dias in front of the throne, a man of magnificent physical stature, over six feet in height, and broad in proportion. His silvery hair and full white beard gave him a most patriarchal appearance. His ministers, in full court dress, stood on his right, and he looked every inch a king. After the ceremony was over, the

writer enjoyed the privilege of an informal interview. All formality was cast aside, and his Majesty stood forth in his true character of a modest gentleman, most genial and kind in his manner. This was manifest to all who met him and on all occasions.

At Petropolis, during the summer, he went daily to meet the evening train on its arrival from Rio, mingled with the



BOTANICAL GARDEN, RIO DE JANEIRO, ONE
HALF OF THE AVENUE OF PALMS.

people, and had a kind nod of welcome for every one.

His mode of living was as simple as his manners. Living in unostentatious style, he set an example to his subjects in domestic felicity.

An early riser, he was an all-day student except when engaged in official duties, and never so happy as when among his books or holding discussions with learned men. He was a good linguist and spoke to most of the foreign ministers in their native tongues.

He was so charitable that he kept him-

self constantly poor, and on his deposition, his beneficiaries were so numerous that they had to be provided for by the new government. Even in his last sorrow at being compelled to leave the land he loved so well, his one thought was for his people, and to avoid the shedding of their blood. In furtherance of this, he left the palace with the royal family at three o'clock in the morning to embark, thinking it the best hour to avoid tumult or armed resistance on the part of his friends.

His address of farewell was most touching and conveyed in these words:

"In view of the representation which was delivered to me to-day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I resolve, yielding to the power of circumstances, to depart with all my family for Europe, leaving this country, beloved by us all, and for which I have exerted myself to give constant proof of deeply-seated love and dedication for almost half a century, during which I filled the position of Chief of State. In departing, therefore, I shall always retain the most tender remembrances of Brazil in offering ardent prayers for its greatness and prosperity.

"D. PEDRO DE ALCANTARA.

"RIO DE JANEIRO, 16th Nov., 1889."

No greater tribute could have been paid to this truly good man than that

during all the agitation for the Republic, and during the excitement of the revolution, no word of slander or reproach was ever cast at the person or character of the Emperor; indeed, had it not been for plots and schemes to insure his daughter in succession, the late Emperor would never have been disturbed during his lifetime, and the installation of the Republic would have awaited his death.

The change in the form of government has not materially affected the social life in Brazil. The Court was conducted in so unostentatious a manner, and the life of the royal family of such a domestic character that the pomp of royalty can hardly be said to be missed by the people. Barring the fact that all titles have been abolished, and distinction in class done away with, no striking change has occurred. In the first moment of enthusiasm the people changed the names of the streets which related to royal matters, and the signs which bore the patronage of the royal family were painted out. These matters, in the opinion of many, were carried too far; for instance, the Dom Pedro Secundo Railroad was changed to the Brazil Central. As this road had been built almost entirely by the efforts and patronage of the late Emperor, it almost appeared ungrateful to destroy that historical fact. The names of other institutions were changed, and as Brazil has no reason to be ashamed of her imperial dynasty or Emperor, it seems a pity to thus obliterate history.

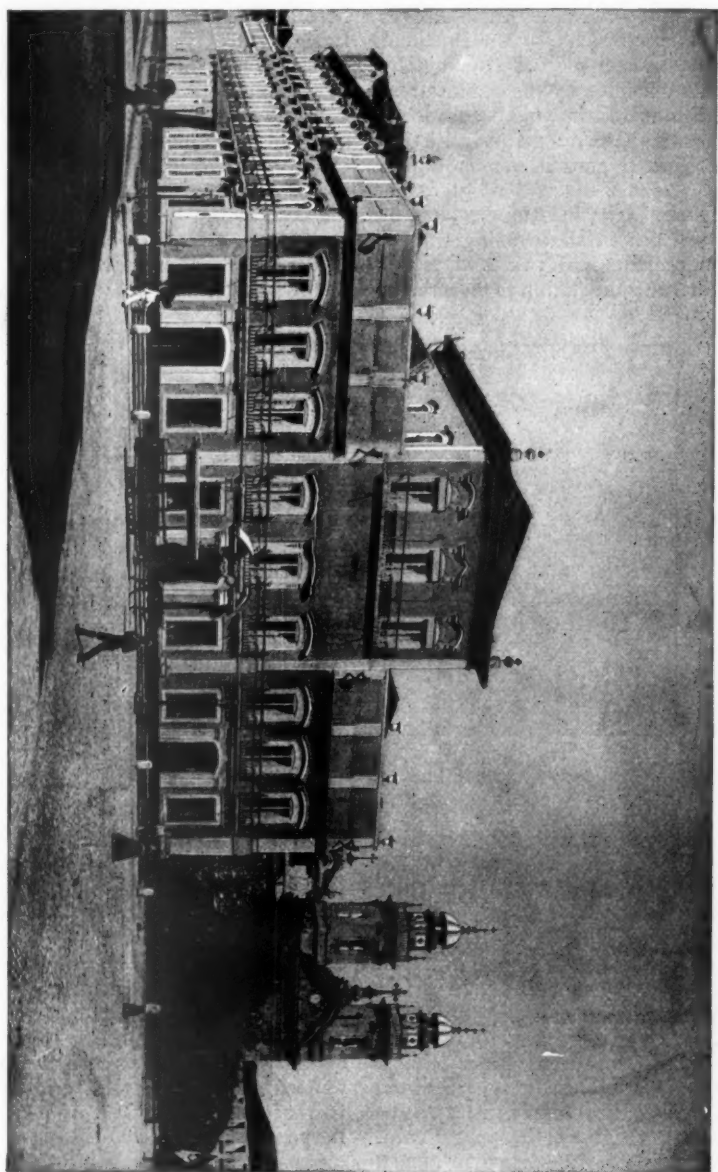
Since the establishment of the Republic, a period of wild speculation has broken forth in Brazil. Large fortunes have been made, and the writer has been informed that the display at Petropolis, the fashionable watering-place, has been something extravagant beyond measure. This mountain resort is situated in the Organ Moun-



OLD STYLE TRANSPORTATION.

tains, about forty miles from Rio, twenty-three hundred feet above the sea. It is a curious sight to see the houses constructed in German

OLD CITY PALACE, RIO DE JANEIRO.



sea. It was founded by the Empress Theresa, who imported a colony of Germans and settled them in this beau-

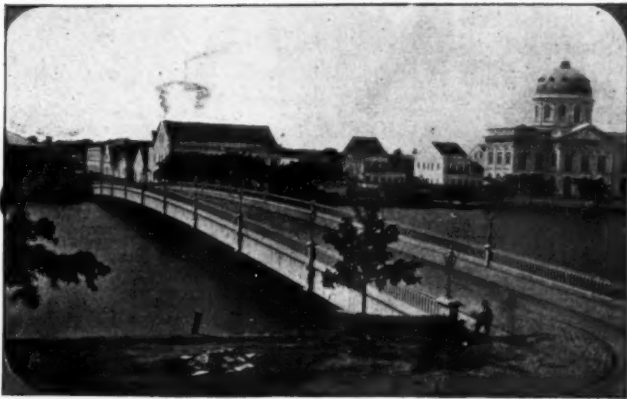
tiful spot. It is a curious sight to see the houses constructed in German architecture, with the canals running through the principal streets, to hear the German language spoken everywhere,

and to see the blonde-headed children playing on the sidewalks; were it not for the graceful palms and tropical shrubbery one could fancy themselves at a German spa instead of on Brazilian soil. A handsome palace, surrounded by many villas occupied by the nobility and rich English merchants, add additional beauty to the place, together with the highly cultivated gardens abounding in flowers. The men descend daily to attend to their duties in Rio de Janeiro. On their return in the evening train a gala scene presents itself; their wives and families drive to the station to meet them.

the Germans would compare favorably with any in other parts of the world.

The houses on the "fazendas" have been already mentioned, but a word relating to the city residences and public buildings will show further characteristics of this interesting people.

The dwellings in the heart of the city are built of stone close together. The exterior is covered with a smooth stucco which is variously colored according to the taste of the dwellers. The Brazilian love of gay colors manifests itself here, and you see red, green, blue, and yellow in the same row of houses. In addition



THE BRIDGE AND THEATRE AT PERNAMBUCO.

Handsome carriages, with fine horses imported from Argentine, the men in full livery, and the occupants in handsome attire go to make up a grand display of beauty and fashion. It is the custom to go some little time before the arrival of the train, when the ladies hold a sort of reception in the carriages and visit each other.

The diplomatic corps resides almost entirely at Petropolis, being safe from the danger of yellow fever; in fact, some of them live there all the year round, only descending to Rio when their official duties make it necessary.

The drives around Petropolis are very picturesque, and the roads constructed by

there are often handsome decorations in plaster over the doors and windows molded into artistic forms. The houses are usually three stories in height; protruding from the second floor is generally a balcony, the long blinds hung on the inside the windows, reaching to the floor, are so arranged that they can be made to overhang the railing of the balcony, enabling the occupant therein to sit sheltered from the sun, and one often sees a pair of lustrous black eyes peering out between the slats. But the most numerous and beautiful homes are found in the suburbs, where houses are always surrounded by beautiful gardens adorned with flowers and fountains, with the tall,

graceful palms rising stately above. It is here that the master is seen at his best. Surrounded by his family he looks the picture of ease and contentment. It is this home life and desire for peace that makes the Brazilians so apparently apathetic in public affairs. The palaces occupied by the late Emperor were indicative of his frugality and simple taste. The one in the city is large and roomy, two stories in height, but without architectural effect, and simply covered with plaster in the rough. The palace at St. Christovão is somewhat more pretentious, but simple in construction and covered with white stucco without ornamentation. The house at Petropolis scarcely deserves the name of palace, but it is surrounded by the most beautiful grounds laid out with avenues of trees and lovely flower gardens, and is decidedly the most desirable for residence.

The churches are mainly reproductions

of the style predominating in Italy and Portugal, the typical type of the Roman Catholic faith. Some of the public buildings are much more pretentious. The Post-Office and Mint would do credit to any city. The latter is one of the most correct specimens of the Doric school. The Chamber of Commerce is a very striking building in florid style. The Casino contains one of the handsomest ball-rooms the writer has ever seen. The theatres are large, but not particularly handsome, the Imperial Opera House was formerly a circus, and is not much to boast of, although commodious. What has been said of the buildings of Rio applies to most of the other cities of Brazil. The writer has endeavored to give some idea of Brazil as she stands revealed to the traveler who visits her beautiful shore and of the domestic life of her peace-loving and courteous people.

APPARITION.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

I SAW an angel float above my head ;

His flight the tempest stilled, and calmed the sea.

"What seekest thou, O angel fair?" I said,

"In this sad midnight hour?"

He answered me:

"I come to take thy soul."

"Where?—tell me where.

Into what dwelling, heavenly messenger?"

But he was silent.

"Art thou Death?" I cried—

"Or art thou Life?"

"Nor Life nor Death," he sighed.

"They call me *Love*."

Then on his brow there fell

A light that was more glorious than the spring—

And in the depths of gloom inscrutable

Stars trembled through the feathers of his wing.

C. E. MEETKERKE.

FLOWERS: IN-DOORS AND OUT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

TO MY READERS:—The HOME MAGAZINE has decided to add to its other departments one devoted to the culture of flowers in the house, garden, and home greenhouse. It is my intention to make it useful, practical, pleasant. It will be for the amateur rather than the professional. I shall be glad to have flower-loving readers co-operate with me in my efforts to make it useful by sending me hints and helps drawn from their own personal experience, and not from theory. Let them be brief, pointed, practical. As space is limited, only such questions as are of general interest will be answered in these columns. Be sure that the information you ask for will be of benefit to some one else before you ask it. If it is not, and you want advice, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and it will be sent by mail.

Address all communications regarding matters pertaining to this department to *me*, not to the editor or office of the Magazine.

EBEN E. REXFORD,
SHIOCTON, WIS.

THE PRIMULA OBCONICA.

THE good old Chinese primrose was for years one of the most popular of winter-blooming plants for the sitting-room window, and it is still extensively grown. But it often failed to afford complete satisfaction, for it requires a more careful treatment than it usually receives in order to do its best.

A few years ago a new variety, or rather class of primula was introduced, and it sprang into popular favor at once. I refer to the primula obconica, a cut of which is given in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE.

This new plant has a thick mass of foliage growing close to the pot, and completely covering it. The leaves are a rich dark-green, and form a good background for the flowers, which are thrown well above it on slender stems. These flowers are produced in clusters of from ten to twenty or more, according to the vigor of the plant. In size they are about as large as a quarter of a dollar. In color they are white, often slightly tinged with lilac. On a well-grown plant scores of flowers are often out at a time, and the effect is very charming, as will be seen

from the engraving which accompanies this article. It is a constant bloomer, almost a perpetual bloomer, in fact, as well-established specimens are seldom without more or less flowers. For the window it is a most beautiful ornament, and for cutting from it is one of the most useful plants I know of.

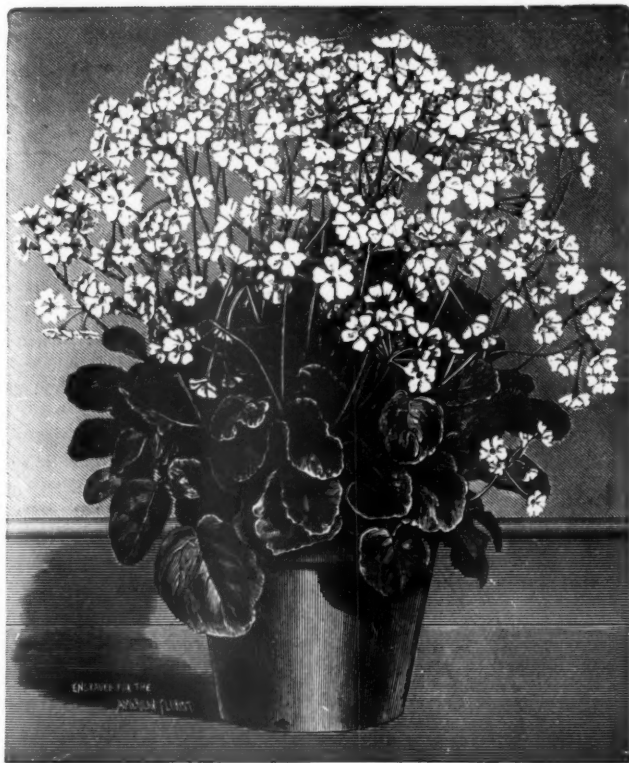
Its culture is very simple. It will do very well in almost any soil, but best in one full of fibrous matter. One would naturally think that so small a plant did not require a great deal of root-room, but it really requires considerable more room than many quite large plants, if you would have it do its best. It also requires a good deal of water, because its roots are very fine, and there are thousands of them, and each one drinks up the moisture from the soil very rapidly. If only given as much water as a geranium growing in a pot of the same size, the plant will suffer very materially. Provide good drainage and then water daily, and apply enough to wet the soil all through. Put on so much that some will run off through the hole in the bottom of the pot. Shower the foliage daily to keep it clean, and throw water in among the leaves to keep the red spider from working on them.

I would not advise trying to grow it from seed. Young, strong plants can be obtained very cheaply in spring, and these will become fine flowering plants by fall.

The flowers are pleasingly fragrant. They have a "woody" look about them which makes them very attractive to lovers of wild flowers. This is one of my favorite plants.

THE AMARYLLIS.

Notwithstanding the repeated failures amateurs meet with in the culture of the amaryllis, it remains a popular plant, and almost every collection contains one or more varieties from which great things are hoped but seldom realized.



PRIMULA OBCONICA.

The cause of failure as a general thing is the ignorance which prevails among amateurs as to the habits and requirements of the plant.

This class of plants has alternate periods of rest and growth. That is, these periods alternate under natural conditions. The culture which they get in sitting-rooms and greenhouses generally ignores natural conditions, and they are kept growing all the time, or, if not kept growing, are prevented from taking the rest which seems so essential.

In order to bring them into bloom, their habits must be studied and understood. This being done, it is comparatively easy to give them such treatment as will meet the requirements of the case, and that being given there will be little difficulty in getting plants to bloom.

My plan is this, and it is one which

most successful growers of this beautiful flower follow: When some of the leaves show a yellow tip, and no new leaves are being produced, I take it as an indication that the plant desires to rest. In order to grow the plant successfully this rest must be as complete as possible, and the only way to bring it about when the bulbs are grown in pots is to withhold water. Give less and less until the older leaves turn yellow and droop. The soil can be allowed to get almost dry. Leave the pots in this condition for two months or more. Do not begin to increase the supply of water, in fact, until some

sign of renewed growth is seen. Generally the first indication will be the sending up of a flowerstalk. This indicates a need for more water in order to perfect the flowers. In a short time new leaves will be produced, and after three or four months of growth the older leaves will begin to turn yellow, thus showing an inclination to take another rest. If these periods of rest and growth are given regularly, and both are made as complete as possible by the giving and the withholding of water, most varieties of the amaryllis will bloom twice a year. But if water is given the year round, as is generally the case, the plant will be kept making a feeble growth, but not one that will be favorable to the production of flowers. The reason why plants so treated fail to bloom is that they are always lacking in vitality because they have been

denied the rest which is absolutely essential.

A good soil to grow them in is one

inches across for large bulbs. See that they are provided with good drainage, as no amaryllis will do well in a pot which retains water about the roots of the plant. If the soil is kept too wet, the thick, fleshy roots which are sent out from the base of the bulb will decay, and though the plant may not die from the loss of these roots, it will be greatly injured, and it will not recover until new roots are formed.

A well-grown plant in bloom is truly a "thing of beauty." There is a stateliness about it that attracts those who are comparatively indifferent to the charms of flowers. The great, lily-like blossoms, whose colors in the various varieties range from pure

white, with stripes of pink or crimson, to the richest crimson or orange, with stripes of white or yellow, lifted high above the pot on stout stalks, each stalk bearing from three to half a dozen flowers, present a most charming and striking appearance, and happy is the amateur who can show such a specimen to his flower-loving friends who have tried their hand at amaryllis culture and failed.

The following are some of the best sorts for general cultivation:

JOHNSONII.—One of the best-known kinds. A strong-growing, free-blooming variety. Flowers very large. Color, crimson, striped with white.

EQUESTRE.—Salmon-scarlet; snow-white throat. A fine kind.

The well-known *vallotta* is really an amaryllis, and one of the most satisfactory varieties, as it is pretty sure to bloom in August of each year, no matter what kind of treat-

ment you give it.

It is not a good plan to disturb the bulbs often. Instead of repotting, it is better to take out as much soil from the



THE AMARYLLIS.

made up of leaf-mold or turfy matter, some loam, and enough sand to make the soil light and friable.

Do not use pots larger than six or seven

pot as can be done without disturbing the roots, and putting fresh earth in its place. This should be done whenever the plant makes its growth.

THE METEOR ROSE.

Of all the new roses, or, more accurately speaking, the roses of recent introduction, for the one under consideration is not exactly a new one, I consider meteor a very superior sort.

It is a tea, of strong and robust habit, a very free bloomer, delightfully fragrant, and exquisitely beautiful. In color it is a very dark crimson, shaded with maroon—so dark in color as to have a velvety texture of petal. It is of medium size, double, and of ideal shape. When the buds are about half-open, it is at its best, and the person who could find fault with it must be a very hard person to suit.

For pot-culture, it succeeds better than most varieties. It is quite as easily grown as *perle des Jardins* or *hermosa*. It should be firmly potted—that is, the soil should be worked in firmly about its roots.

This soil should be composed of loam, turfy matter, and a trifle of sand. The rose does not do well in a very light soil, and the loam should be of a clayey character. If young plants are procured, do not give large pots at first, as too much root-room is very injurious. Wait until the pot in which you put it is filled with roots before you give it a larger one. Do not

water too much and do not give any fertilizer until the plant begins to make a good growth.

As soon as branches form, begin to train your plant. In order to make it bushy and compact, cut back the strongest branches, and force others to start. In this way, by exercising patience,



THE METEOR ROSE.

and by giving steady attention until you have it in such shape as suits you, you can secure a good specimen. But if left to grow to suit itself, the plant may be anything but satisfactory in form.

Flowers will be produced on the ends of the new branches. There will generally be from three to half a dozen. Remove them as soon as they begin to fade,

and as soon as the last one has developed cut the branch on which they were borne back to a good, strong bud. By "bud" I do not mean in this connection a flower-bud, but a bud from which branches develop. Very soon a shoot will be put forth, which in turn will bear flowers. By continual cutting back, in connection with a good, rich soil, you can keep up the production of new branches, and on the amount of these depends the quantity

enough to completely fill a good-sized window. It is very beautiful. Its foliage is large, elegantly shaped, of a rich dark-green, and quite fine enough in itself to make the plant well worth growing if it never had flowers. Its flowers are of a rice coral-red, produced in branching clusters, of a pendulous habit. They contrast most charmingly with the foliage.

From this brief description it will be readily understood that this variety com-



THE BEST-FLOWERING BEGONIA (RUBRA).

of flowers you get, as the flowers are always produced on new wood, and without the steady formation of new branches there will be no flowers.

THE BEST-FLOWERING BEGONIA.

All things considered, the best-flowering begonia is rubra. It is a constant bloomer. I have known plants six years old which had not been without flowers during all that time. It is a profuse bloomer. There will almost always be clusters of flowers on every branch. It is a good grower, often becoming large

and attains the best qualities of the large family of begonias. It is of the easiest possible culture. Give it a good soil, a half-shady location, only the same amount of water that you give a geranium, and keep it rather warmer than you would most plants and it will make your window bright through all the year. It is one of the very best plants for general cultivation. No one need hesitate to attempt its culture from fear of failure. Give it half a chance and it will afford more satisfaction than almost any other plant suited to amateur culture.

DISAPPEARED; OR, THE RUSSEL AFFAIR.

BY LEIGH NORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE TWO HELENS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

WHERE?

"IT is, I fear, a very bad business." Three men sat at a table together. It was the eldest who spoke. Mechanically he moved the papers lying before him. His white hair and side whiskers, fine brow and well-cut features gave him an air of distinction. His words were slowly and clearly uttered. As president of a prominent bank he was well known and highly respected.

His companions were a keen-eyed, sharp-featured lawyer and a younger man, a clerk in the bank. They were consulting together at an early hour of the evening, in the president's private office.

"The motive, sir, is what we have to look at. Money has tempted men from time immemorial," and the lawyer drew toward him a piece of paper and began to make cabalistic figures upon it.

"Extravagant living with no special basis to justify it. Yet I thought well of our young friend, and am loth to give up my good opinion. But on what other supposition are the facts to be accounted for?" said the first speaker.

Paul Deland folded his arms upon the table and bent his head upon them. His whole nature rose in revolt against the suspicion. His generous nature that had even forgiven his friend for winning the woman that he loved.

"And you persist that he could have no enemies, Mr. Deland?"

"None, sir, that I ever heard of." The young man raised his head and looked at his superior. "He was frank and friendly with every human being. How could a fellow like that have enemies? He'd have given his last dollar to help any one in trouble."

President Morton shook his head and continued his scrutiny of the papers be-

fore him. "Everything has been done, Mr. North?"

"Everything, sir. The detectives have followed out every clue. There is not a trace of him. Deeds of violence leave some evidence behind, it is the man who goes of his own free will who can more easily obliterate his tracks."

"Some one of us, or all, perhaps, should see his wife and tell her how hopeless the matter seems." Each stirred uneasily. None evidently relished the task. "I think decidedly that her father should be recalled, though my slight acquaintance with him does not suggest his being of great service; but she is very much opposed to it."

"He never liked poor Harry," said Paul, a little absently.

"Ah!" The lawyer turned his quick eye upon him.

"Perhaps that is the reason she objects," continued Mr. Morton, "and as I understand he has recently gone to Europe with his new wife, it might be an unfortunate time to suggest his return. But I should be better satisfied if she had some of her immediate relatives with her."

Paul turned his face away. How gladly he would do everything for her, yet how powerless he was!

Mr. Morton rose and stood looking into the fire for a moment, then glanced at his watch. "The case must be left in your hands, Mr. North. Make every possible effort to clear the mystery. Perhaps we may be on the eve of finding some clue."

The lawyer bowed. There might be elements in it unsuspected by them all. Domestic troubles, of which they were unaware, to add motive to the young man's flight, if flight it was. All possibilities needed consideration.

"Call on me. Let me help you, as I may. I'd give a lifetime to set the matter straight," Paul said, hoarsely. It was

intolerable, the thought of the anguish to her, the suspicion cast on one he loved. "It is impossible! Impossible!" he cried aloud, "that in this nineteenth century a man should drop out of existence. He can, he must be found! Dead or alive, we must find him!"

"As strange things have happened before," said Mr. North, quietly, "but if he is to be found, we will do it."

"Let us go to Mrs. Russel," and Mr. Morton took his hat, while the others followed.

Later, the three stood on the steps of a handsome house and were ushered into the drawing-room. A moment after they rose to receive its mistress. Days and weeks of anxiety had sharpened the delicate contour of the face, pale the cheeks, and laid heavy shadows under the large, dark eyes. There was a pathetic droop to the lips, and the lustre of her beauty was dimmed. She sank into a chair for a moment and turned wistfully toward them. "You have no news for me?"

Paul Deland felt a choking sensation in his throat as Mr. Morton replied, gravely: "None, I am sorry to say. Everything has been done that could be suggested, and there seems no trace of your husband. Nor have we obtained any clue to money or papers. No one saw him leave the train the day he should have come to my house, and all the woods in the vicinity have been searched without result."

"What do people say?" she asked, restlessly rising and walking about. "I see no one."

There was silence for a moment. She leaned against the mantel and looked in the faces of the three men opposite to her. "You don't mean that they think—you don't think that he, Harry, my husband, stole that money and went away with it himself?" Her eyes blazed with indignation.

"No! by Heaven! No!" cried Paul, vehemently.

Mr. Morton rose and drew near her. "My dear lady, do not distress yourself with such ideas. We all knew, liked, and respected your husband; nor can we think ill of him. Yet we can find no

traces of foul play, nor arrive at any conclusion which seems to throw light upon the mystery. Time doubtless will solve it. Meanwhile, rest assured that no pains will be spared to find him."

"If you were to take all—all that is left," she said, glancing around, "would it pay back what is lost—till we—till we know?"

"Let me entreat you once more not to harrow your mind with these matters. And also to urge again sending for your father and family."

"Oh!" she said, clasping her hands together, "I'd rather be alone. I do not wish my father sent for. I am sure he could do nothing that you have not done. I agreed to send him the papers while he was gone, but I have kept back every one that referred to it, and I think, for a time at least, he is out of the way of seeing them. Believe me, it will be the truest kindness to me to do as I desire."

"I am most reluctant to yield in this matter," said Mr. Morton, slowly, "but I should be loth to add to your burden and must respect your wishes, since you express them so decidedly. Mrs. Morton and I would welcome you gladly, if you would come to us. Trust that I will do all that a father could, and command me in any way."

"Thank you," she said, simply, "and forgive me if I have wounded you. I know you are all kindness. But I cannot leave here yet."

A few moments later Mr. Morton and the lawyer made their adieux, while Paul lingered behind. "Paul!" she cried, almost wildly, "where is he?" and broke into passionate weeping. The young man wrung his hands together, till the nails entered the flesh, to control himself.

"I cannot tell. But courage! We will find him yet. It is not possible to lose people in these days as in the old times. I will leave no stone unturned. But, Alice, I wish Kate were with you."

"Yes, Kate, perhaps—but I could not have her without my father, and I could not stand papa just now. You know how he worries over everything, and then,"

with a little sob, "he did not like poor Harry. He never understood his fun and it annoyed him. Oh! no. Papa would never let Kate come to me alone. I would rather have things as they are, just now. You are kind, very kind, all of you, but I must just learn to bear it by myself—till—till—" and she left her sentence unfinished.

Paul rose. Not when he had lost this woman, whom he had loved, had his trial seemed harder than now. He wrung her hand silently, and left her.

CHAPTER II.

JOE'S VISITOR.

JOE FLOWERS, Mr. North's office-boy, was engaged in his favorite employment of performing tricks with his pocket-knives. All his spare pennies, of which he had no superfluity, being the chief support of the family, consisting of his grandfather and himself, went to purchase these seductive treasures. He meant to be a lawyer, like Mr. North, and was a boy not without capacity, but meanwhile he might as well enjoy himself.

He shed pocket-knives much as "Peg-gotty" did buttons, and as they noisily dropped around Mr. North would remark to the blushing owner:

"Joe, a more permanent attachment between you and your property would be an advantage to my ears, at least."

But he was a kind-hearted man and liked his employé, so he never proceeded as far as the confiscation which he was now and then inclined to threaten.

"Hullo!"

Joe looked up and saw no very welcome visitor, in the person of his big brother, Ike. He was a young fellow of medium size, slouching gait, and unprepossessing appearance. The "black sheep" of the family, on whom all efforts at reform had proved unavailing. Indeed, he had now abandoned his home and seldom made his appearance there.

"Hullo!" said Joe, by way of a non-committal reply, earnestly hoping that Ike would take himself off before Mr. North appeared.

"When 'll your guvnor be in?"

Joe had an idea that Mr. North would be some time absent this morning but felt that threatening his return might insure Ike's more speedy departure, and in the dilemma was silent.

"Cos' I've got wery perticler business with him," said Ike, laughing, as he sat on the desk swinging one foot, but meanwhile keeping a sharp lookout for the gentleman in question, whom he had no wish to encounter. "You must get pretty good wages here. You'd better fork over a little to your poor, deservin' brother."

"I don't get very big wages neither, and you don't do nuthin' to help grandad."

"*Me* help grandad! A blind, crook-backed, old critter like that's better dead nor alive."

Joe's heart swelled with indignation at the brutal speech, but he had felt the weight of Ike's hand before now, and held his peace.

"Have they found that fellow wot got lost with the money?"

"What do you know about it?" said Joe, looking up with sudden suspicion, but Ike's face expressed no very deep interest, as he sat swinging his foot, and replied:

"Can't I read the papers, you block-head!"

"No, they aint found him."

"Mebbe he run off with the money hisself. Does your boss think that?"

"Dunno!" said Joe, laconically.

He was not a partner in Mr. North's counsels and if he had been would have had no mind to make Ike a sharer in them.

"So you don't know nuthin' about it?"

"No, I don't," said Joe. "Is that what you came here to find out?"

Ike rose and lifted his hand threateningly.

"None o' your sass. Fork out now, for I've got nary red about me."

Anything to get rid of him, thought Joe, and told out reluctantly, from his little store, the price of a knife which he had just saved. Ike pocketed it with a

grumble, and then picked up Joe's best knife which lay on the floor and pocketed that also. Joe sprang up with the instinct of a lioness protecting her cub, but with a rude laugh Ike rushed out of the door, while Joe, unwilling to make a brawl on the threshold of his employer's office, sank into a chair on the verge of tears.

"Any one been here, Joe?" asked Mr. North, entering a few moments later.

"Only a beggar, sir," replied the boy, sore and indignant over his loss.

"I seen Ike this mornin', grandad," said Joe, as he entered the little room upstairs, which, with the smaller sleeping apartment adjoining, he called home.

An old man with a round head, goggle eyes, deformed and bent nearly double, made his way painfully around by the aid of a stick. His was the woman's share in their household economy, and everything in the little room was as neat as if a careful woman had been in charge, while the smoking stew he now set on the table might have done credit to a superior cook.

"Cracky!" exclaimed Joe, "but that smells good!"

Intercourse with a man of cultivation, like Mr. North, had improved the boy's grammar and language, and he could speak correctly enough when so inclined, but in the bosom of his family he relapsed into careless ways.

"Did you, Joey," said the old man, twisting his hands together nervously, a trick he had when excited or troubled. "Did you try and get him to come home with you?"

"No, I didn't, neither," said the boy, doggedly, thinking resentfully of his losses. "We're a heap better off without him, and you know it."

"Perhaps we didn't do all we might for the poor fellow," the elder said, sorrowfully.

"If anybody can do anything with Ike, 'taint you, nor 'taint me, we're done all we kin," Joe persisted.

"He weren't such a bad little boy, not such a wery bad one," pursued the old man, hesitating, as memory recalled some of Ike's early exploits, "but he had a bad father. My poor Mary! she'd

cause to regret marryin' him; but she wouldn't hear to me. Does Mr. North know about—about Ike?"

"No, he don't, and he aint never goin' to, if I can help," said Joe, determinedly. "Ike cleaned me out of every penny I'd saved, and stole my best knife too," this last remembrance adding a taste of bitterness to the palatable mouthful he was then consuming. "I jest told Mr. North a beggar 'd been there."

The old man sighed and dropped the subject.

"Ike aint wuth his salt," Joe continued, a moment later, as the thwack of one of his pocket-knives on the floor recalled his grievance.

"We air to forgive seventy times seven, Joey."

"I've forgive him that seventy times over; my forgivery's all dried up. How's your eyes been to-day, grandad?" he continued, making a violent effort to turn his thoughts away from the irritating topic.

"Pretty bad," said his grandfather, sadly; "sometimes I think it won't be long afore I get stone blind."

"Oh! I guess 'taint so bad's that," said the boy, with a troubled look. "Never mind I'll read to you a bit this evenin'." I've got a bouncin' good book here, some chap throw'd away in our office," and Joe produced a paper-covered novel. He had had other plans for spending the evening with a friend, but the kind-hearted boy could not bear to leave the old man alone. So he read on and soon became interested in the story.

"Joey," his grandfather hazarded, rather timidly, after awhile, his mind dwelling on the ever-present source of trouble, "what wos Ike after this mornin'?"

"I dunno, 'less he wanted to find out somethin' about that fellow that got lost, or ran away. He asked me several questions about him. But I didn't know nothin', so I couldn't tell him," said Joe, with satisfaction.

"O Joe!" the old man cried, clasping his hands, "you don't think he had anything to do with that?"

"He's bad enough for anything, but

no, he didn't look like he knew nothin' about that," Joe replied.

CHAPTER III.

THE CAMERON FAMILY.

"My dear, I would recommend your closing that window." It was an elderly man with a florid complexion who spoke to the rather pretty young woman who sat beside him in the train. They were traveling in Switzerland. A little shadow flitted over her brow. How many times had that window been closed and opened since they started?

"Thank you, Mr. Cameron, I'm very comfortable."

He fidgeted uneasily for a few moments.

"What abominable seats these are. We would not put up with such in America."

"Why didn't you stay there then?" growled a young fellow sitting behind, in an undertone.

"What did you observe, Richard?" his father asked, a trifle sharply, turning around.

"Nothing," answered that individual, with the strict adherence to the truth by which that reply is usually characterized. A moment more and the elder rose, and stretching across his wife closed the obnoxious sash.

"Excuse me, my love, but I am sure you are in a draught," and in a lower key, with a tender glance at her, "if you don't take care of yourself, you know, it is my duty to take care of you now."

"O dear papa!" impatiently exclaimed his daughter, who sat with her brother, "if you are going to keep on fussing with that window all day, I shall sit elsewhere. Come, Dick!" and suiting the action to the word the two adjourned to an unoccupied place at a short distance. Mr. Cameron glanced after them severely, but forbore comment, and again took his seat by his bride, for such she was.

"I declare, Alice," wrote Kate Cameron to her sister the next day, "if I had not been so mad at Clara Dupont for

making a fool of him and herself by marrying an old man like my father, I could find it in my heart to be sorry for her, for he fidgets the very life out of her. You know I won't stand it, but she *has* to. You always got along with him better. But that is what a girl deserves for marrying, as I suspect her of doing, just to spite somebody else and to better herself. She looks tired all the time, and I don't believe she gets any rest day or night, unless he's asleep, and then, I suppose, he snores. If ever I marry a man that fusses, or frets, or worries, just put me in the lunatic asylum to begin with. I can't imagine what a girl wants to marry a widower for, either. Fancy going on your wedding-trip with two such adjuncts as Dick and me. Though, after all, I believe she'd rather have us. She'd probably get tired of a continual *tête-à-tête* with papa. I know I should. We're in a little, out-of-the-way place in Italy, for a fancy of Clara's, who was here once, as a child. It's beautiful with its exquisite sea and sky and its dirty but picturesque people. Nevertheless, I don't believe papa will stand it here long. Everything entertains *me*. By the bye, do you see anything of Paul Deland now? For my part, I like American men the best, after all. Though I was vastly entertained with that little Frenchman in Paris that I made a conquest of. With his 'Mees Kamron,' and his 'Figure to yourself, mademoiselle.' It always made me feel inclined to get up and dance a ballet for him. I wonder how he would have enjoyed my figuring."

"Really this is quite a pretty place," remarked Mr. Cameron, with a certain air of condescension, to Kate, as they stood near the door of the hotel at sunset and glanced over the blue waters; "and one leaves the worries behind in traveling."

"Do they?" thought his daughter. "I devoutly hope you may remain in the same frame of mind to-morrow."

It had been noted between Dick and herself that for a brief period after arriving from a journey, at a hotel which was at all comfortable, her father was temporarily more placid.

They were a fine-looking pair—father and daughter—with a certain likeness in their full, vigorous build, though in face Kate more nearly resembled the delicate contour of her sister, inherited by both from a tall, fragile, and beautiful mother.

By the next morning, as anticipated, the mental atmosphere had changed.

"I wanted your mother," said Mr. Cameron, as Kate and he strolled out together.

"For pity's sake, papa!"

"Very well," impatiently, "my wife then, to come for a walk; but she must needs stay in to write letters. I don't know what women want to be writing letters for all the time. You write your letters at night, do you not?"

"Yes, generally, but thanks to praises, I have a room to myself. I suppose you talk to her all the while, so she can't write then."

"I wonder we don't hear from Alice," he pursued, not noticing her reply. "She is very remiss about writing, and particularly so about sending the papers."

"Thought women wrote too much," said Kate, *sotto voce*.

"This is a confoundedly stupid place," once more. "I can't imagine what Clara found so attractive here. And the hotel is miserable. The dinner yesterday was not fit for a beggar. I think we had better hurry on to the next point where we shall find our mail awaiting us. Where's Dick?"

"I don't know. He went off somewhere this morning. I have not seen him for an hour or two," answered Kate, after a moment. Her eyes were studying curiously a figure in the distance.

"I wish you'd attend to me when I speak to you," said Mr. Cameron, with considerable asperity. "And I wish, moreover, that Dick would not go off alone in this manner. I prefer to be informed before he absents himself. Tell him so. Do you hear?"

"Papa! papa! do you see how singularly that man looks like Harry? Very rough, of course, but he *does* look like him. Don't he?" And she directed his attention to the person she had been observing. A man crouching down, with

his hat drawn over his eyes, near the water, across which he was gazing steadily. They had now passed him, but she glanced back over her shoulder as they went on.

"Like Harry! Absurd! Catharine, turn round. Don't demean yourself by staring after a common fellow like that."

"I wish Alice and Harry were here," Kate said, with a little sigh, as she slowly obeyed him.

"Alice, perhaps, would be very well. I should not object to have Alice, but Harry," stiffening visibly, "would not be much of an addition, to *my* mind. I dislike greatly his very bad habit of joking on all subjects. He really quite forgets himself and what is due to others. I should not think Alice could put up with it as she does."

"Alice has put up with a good deal in her time," answered Kate.

"Yes, doubtless you and Dick worried her considerably. The eldest sister, where there is no mother, has some cares. But she was always a quiet, sensible girl. I never could understand what she found so very attractive in Harry. I should think his ways would be most annoying to her. Ah! here comes your—Clara. Well, madam," as his wife drew near, "I hope your very important correspondence which you prefer to your husband's society," reddening a little, "is concluded."

"I found some English papers, not very old. Would not you like me to read them to you?" said Mrs. Cameron, ignoring his remark. "There is a pleasant little balcony overlooking the view where we could sit and I could read to you," and, slightly mollified by the olive branch thus extended, Mr. Cameron consented. Kate, who had not yet forgiven her sufficiently to enjoy her step-mother's society and was somewhat weary of her father's complaining, made good her escape.

CHAPTER IV.

MATRIMONIAL SWEETS.

"NEVER mind the papers, Clara, my dear, just now," said Mr. Cameron, having comfortably established himself on

the balcony, and soothed by the serene blue of sky and water, "since they are the English papers, and not our own, they may wait awhile. By the bye, my love, this is a very stupid place, though I don't deny," with a wave of his hand, "it has some claims to beauty. The hotel is very poor, and I think we should hasten on to some point where we shall be better accommodated and can get our letters and papers."

"Very well, Mr. Cameron."

"That reminds me, I wish you would curtail those long effusions of yours, they deprive me of your society," with an attempt at gallantry, "and really, if you would content yourself with writing a few lines occasionally, it would be all sufficient, simply mentioning to your friends that you are well and happy, and reserving long descriptions till you meet them again. I trust you will attend to my wishes in this matter without further remark from me. Naturally, in your new position as a married woman, I should be your first thought, and—and subject of attention. You follow me, my love?" he continued, with no little satisfaction in his silent and apparently attentive auditor. "When a man marries at my time of life, he is not moved by the foolish passions of youth, and requires a certain steadiness in his companion, who, in return for the advantages of his experience and society, so far beyond what a mere boy could offer, must expect to accommodate herself more completely to his ways. My daughters, particularly Kate, are rather selfish. Losing their mother so young I was tempted to yield too much to them, and they have not made me the first object as they should have done. With you, of course, it is different," and half listening, half absent in mind, Clara Cameron's eyes rested on the lovely scene before her, vaguely wondering whether indeed she had bettered herself, in exchanging for her old freedom, shackles ever so little gilded by a true love. And it was a passive and unresponsive hand that lay in her husband's, as he stretched his out and took hold of it. But to talk and receive reply, acquiescent or not, was lux-

ury to Mr. Cameron, and he felt no lack. "Kate resembles me more than Alice, but they are both handsome, as they have good right to be, their mother also being a beautiful woman."

"Dick," said Kate, meeting that youth on his return from his wanderings, "papa says you must not go off alone, in this way; he is quite put out about it this morning."

"Well," said the boy, good-humoredly, "if I could have you I would not want to go off alone. But the governor had you himself this morning and two is company, three's a crowd. Heighho! It's pretty stupid traveling with young married people, aint it, Kit?" casting a comical glance toward the balcony, on which the distant figure of his father could be descried. "I wish Harry and Alice were with us."

"Just what I was wishing myself a little while ago."

"Do you think papa will stay here long? It's a pretty place, but there aint much to do."

"No. He's getting very tired of it, and I do not believe even Clara can keep him. But, Dick, I wish you would come down here a little way with me. I saw a man that reminded me so curiously of Harry. I wish I could get another look at him, but papa made such a fuss I had to come away."

"Why, it could not *be* Harry," said Dick, incredulously.

"Oh! no, of course not; I did not suppose it was, only there was such a strange likeness, I thought I'd like to get another glimpse of him."

The object of their search, however, was no more to be seen, and after rambling awhile and peering with curiosity into various huts and at various people, they returned to the hotel.

Mr. Cameron's desire for the mail and his home papers was not destined to be immediately granted. After a few more days spent in grumbling over the stupidity of the place and the poorness of the accommodations, his wife not only agreed to but rather urged his leaving, and they again started on their journey. But Mrs. Cameron was taken

with so severe a headache before they had traveled far that further progress became impossible, and they were obliged to stop at the next town, where, however, the hotel *did* promise more favorably.

"This delay is really most unfortunate," muttered Mr. Cameron, while Dick deposited bags and bundles in the apartments they had taken.

"I can't help it. I did not make myself sick," answered his wife, a little pettishly, laying her throbbing head on a cushion.

"Certainly not, my dear love," becoming anxious and changing his tone as he observed her sudden pallor. "Perhaps we have been traveling too fast for you. What do you think was the cause?"

"Oh! I don't know," wearily.

"Come, papa," said Kate, suddenly taking the reins in her own hands. "You go out, or over to my room, and leave Clara in peace and quiet for a-while. The sooner she can get to sleep, the sooner she will be able to start again." And, half playfully, half authoritatively, she pushed him from the room.

"I'm so tired," said Mrs. Cameron, shedding a few tears.

"Yes, I suppose so; papa would wear most people to a thread-paper. You brought it on yourself," was her mental addition, but she refrained from saying it, and busied herself for her step-mother's comfort.

Then, as the patient at last fell into a restful doze, she leaned her head against the window-frame and relapsed into reverie. The sights and sounds of the last weeks and months faded from mind and she was at home again in the midst of old friends and surroundings. She recalled the days before Alice's marriage when they had all been so happy together and her sister had seemed wholly her own. She had been a little jealous of Harry at first, but his frank, bright ways had won upon her, and now he had secured a place in her affections only second to Alice herself. Then another face and figure asserted itself—Paul Deland. Paul, whom they had known

and liked for many years, and yet who, in absence, seemed more frequently to claim a place in her thoughts than when they were together. Why was it? For, after all, it was Alice she felt sure that had been the attraction. Yes, she more than fancied it was Alice. Why, then, should she, absent, thus dwell upon him? She blushed, vividly, in the darkness, and tried to put him out of her thoughts, but he would not be exorcised.

Then a sudden, passionate longing seized her for some word from home. If they could only get the letters and papers once more, and she was ready almost to exclaim with her father, "How unfortunate!"

"Kate," said a feeble voice, "I feel better, but oh! I can't go on yet!"

"Of course not. Don't trouble about it." And for some days more Kate had to put up with her father's irritable discontent, alternating with sudden and unexpected fits of tenderness for and worry over his wife. "Alice, wouldn't I give the world to have you here?" wrote Kate.

CHAPTER V.

ILL NEWS.

THE travelers were at last, however, again on their way, Mr. Cameron in good spirits at the prospect of a more congenial place of sojourn; his wife somewhat pale and silent, and Kate and Dick more or less interested in the new scenes through which they were passing.

A fellow-traveler left the train, and Dick picked up an American paper, of old date, which he had dropped on the seat near.

"Heighho, Kit! this looks like home!" and with an interest he had never felt in a fresh issue, as it lay on the breakfast table in his father's house, he begun to study its columns. Presently he pointed out to his sister a small item in one corner:

"A young fellow, named Harry Russel, is said to have disappeared with a large sum of money, and valuable papers. Whether he has been made way with or absconded has not yet been ascertained."

"Isn't that queer?" he asked.

Wrapped up in her own thoughts, Kate read it absently. "Oh! yes, but you know it's a very common name," she answered, and relapsed into her reverie.

Dick was not satisfied, but went and showed the paper to his father. "Quite singular," said Mr. Cameron, with more show of interest, "but of course it can't be Harry." Nevertheless he felt with renewed impatience his previous desire for letters and papers.

Arrived at their destination and comfortably settled in an unexceptionable hotel, a servant was dispatched to the bankers, returning with a bundle of letters. The papers had been overlooked and after fuming over the mistake, Dick was sent by his father in search of them.

"Here's a very strange letter from Alice," he said, impatiently, "she speaks of Harry's being away, and does not mention where he has gone. Alice always is close-mouthed, I don't see why she does not explain herself a little more."

Kate also had had a letter whose unusual and constrained tone struck her painfully and she was at a loss to account for it. Other letters there were of less importance, but no others from her sister, and when Dick returned, declaring that no papers had come, the climax was reached.

"It is shameful the way Alice has acted!" exclaimed Mr. Cameron, with great indignation. "She is so selfish. She is entirely wrapped up in her own concerns and pays no attention to my wishes. None of my children pay me the respect and attention they should," he added in a still warmer tone and glancing wrathfully at the little group. Dick turned on his heel and left the room. Kate suppressed the retort that had sprung to her lips, but a presentiment of coming trouble overshadowed her, and she felt in no spirits for an argument with her father, while Mrs. Cameron merely sighed and turned to arrange some trifling matter about the room.

"Well, if I can't have my own paper I shall find some others," said Mr. Cameron, after holding forth for a few mo-

ments longer to his unresponsive audience, and taking his hat and coat set out, while Kate, indisposed for further talk, went to her own room to write to Alice, telling her of their further adventures and imploring her sister if anything was amiss, as her last letters had led her to surmise, to reply at once. "Be perfectly frank with me at least," she urged, "whatever you may see fit to keep from papa."

An hour later Mr. Cameron burst into the room in such a state of excitement as even his daughter had seldom seen him in.

"Mysterious! Scandalous! What does Alice mean? What is it all about?" with other incoherent expressions, were for some time all she could gather, till at last he thrust a paper into her hand, which sufficiently revealed the mystery to at least explain the cause of his agitation.

"Oh! poor Alice! How dreadful!" Kate cried, her eyes full of tears.

"I never fancied Harry, but I did not think he was a scamp," said Mr. Cameron.

"O papa! how *can* you say such a thing! You don't for one moment suppose Harry has absconded!"

"Well, what's become of him? Can you tell me that? The Lord knows I don't wish to think evil of him, but how can we explain it? They should have sent for me at once," his irritation again asserting itself.

"Papa," said Kate, suddenly, "do you remember that man we saw at Viaggio, the little Italian town where we stopped, who looked like Harry? We must go back and find him."

"Absurd!" said Mr. Cameron, crossly. "That was just a fancy." But in truth he scarcely knew which way to turn, in the dilemma now presented to him.

"Yes, we must go back and then I will return to Alice. The rest of you need not come yet."

"Go back alone! You shall do no such thing. I want you to understand that I am not in my dotage yet. I am the head of my family and propose to keep my authority over them. We shall all return home when I see fit and not before, and I will not for one moment permit

you to be flying off by yourself anywhere!"

"Certainly, Mr. Cameron, of course not," murmured his wife, scarce knowing what she was saying. Kate darted an indignant glance at her for what she deemed interference, and temporarily dropping the proposition to go home, returned to her first suggestion.

"Oh! do, papa," she urged in a more conciliatory fashion, "just to please me," and, after a few moments' entreaty, carried her point.

"Very well. Dick can stay with Clara and you and I will go back, but it is, I am convinced, a fool's errand." And so in truth it proved.

Arrived at their destination, they hurried from one house to another, to be met at each with the same, "Niente! Niente!" and a shrugging of the shoulders which was most disheartening. Kate's Italian enabled her to make a few inquiries and gather something from the replies she received, but was too limited to make free speech possible to her. She could only be sure that a boat containing several men had recently left, but who was the man she was in search of, or whether he was one of the crew, she failed to ascertain positively. She could merely imagine such must be the case, since no trace of the mysterious stranger seemed to remain. It was hard to bear her father's complaints, on the return journey, of the folly of their trip, since she herself was assured of its futility. Harder still, to endure the diatribes in which he would occasionally indulge against Harry, swinging with pendulum-like motion from the theory of his having

been made way with to that of his absconding. But she returned little answer, so dispirited and disheartened was she.

Before their departure Mr. Cameron had sent a cablegram, requesting immediate information in regard to his son-in-law. A reply had come from Paul Deland, stating that nothing was yet known and desiring them, at Alice's request, to wait for letters. The time passed drearily. Mrs. Cameron, more to protect herself from her husband's murmurings, Kate fancied, than from actual suffering, indulged in a series of headaches. Dick wandered round disconsolately, and she herself went with her father through a course of sight-seeing, into which she could put little heart; but hoped thereby to divert his mind from dwelling on the absorbing trouble.

At last three letters arrived, one to Mr. Cameron from Mr. Morton, stating briefly the facts of the case and adding that Mrs. Russel's express desire alone had kept him from writing before. Paul Deland's urged that Kate at least should return, though nothing, he feared, would now solve the terrible mystery. And Alice wrote: "I will not believe him dead, and I am trying to take care of myself for his sake. No one can help me bear my sorrow and I entreat that you will not think of returning till the allotted time for your trip has expired."

"O papa!" said Kate, "Alice must not be left any longer. If you will not permit me to go alone, let us all return to her."

"Of course," replied her father, "I should have been sent for before. We must go at once."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DESUETUDE.

A MAN should make each talent hung
Within his mental belfry known,
And sound the chords of every tongue
Around that soul he calls his own.
Should cultivate the scope of each,
And magnify its native strength,
Until the chimes upon them reach
The compass of their broadest length.

Mistakes are made when he devotes
His mind to one gift all the time;
For he should practice all their notes
Until they ring in perfect chime,
Or else a mind of varied gifts
May lose its balance as it drifts.

BURTON T. DOYLE.

LONGFELLOW'S POPULARITY.

BY GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

"Look, then, into thine heart and write!
Yes, into Life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright—
Be these henceforth thy theme."

EVERY nation has its laureate, acknowledged or unacknowledged. In a republic, of course, he is the choice of the people. Longfellow's laurel crown is the love his kind have bestowed upon him. More widely read and better understood than any poet of the day, easy of access, needing no commentator, he will continue to be read for a longer period than is usually allotted to poets of his degree. Why is this? What is the secret of Longfellow's popularity? A partial answer might be given to this question in one word—*clearness*. In this age of haste, obscurity is at a discount, unless it may be a fashionable obscurity, as that of Browning or of Emerson. But the interest manifested in even these most delightfully obscure of poets is confined to a very limited circle, while with Longfellow the interest is extended. The casual reader glances at his pages and is charmed; the idie reader dallies with the cadence of his verses and is not wearied, the industrious reader peruses his *Evangeline* and *Hiarwatha* and is repaid. With more particular lovers of literature, to be sure, this is not the case. Our venerated poet has his faults, and striking ones. An oppressive didacticity—an oftentimes faulty metrical construction—a lack of passion and of lofty imagination are counted among his shortcomings.

It is not, however, of Longfellow's faults I wish to treat in this short article, nor yet particularly of his virtues. Of all the poets America has ever known, this one stands least in need of comment. Widely read and almost universally loved, he is pre-eminently the poet of the affections. Exempt by a kind of tacit understanding from critical judgment, he holds an enviable position among his fellow-workers. Unlike numbers of his con-

temporaries, he was spared many of the disappointments and inconveniences of his craft.

Lacking the scope, the splendid individuality of greater masters, he was possessed of a personality which, to a great extent, compensated. He possessed the power of touching hearts. It may not be so magnetically as some, to passion and despair, but always to tenderness and purity. As a moralist, he was purity itself, ranking with woman in his estimate of sin. If one element of worth is more striking than another in Longfellow's poetry, it is this very feminine purity and tenderness of his sentiment. Herein lies another secret of the poet's success. The great majority among readers of poetry are women. Woman is prone to judge more by sentiment than by metrical construction, speaking, of course, of the ordinary reader. Thus a poet of pure sentiment, who possesses in addition the gift of musical expression, may rest assured of a respectable following.

Another point. Longfellow neither over-estimated nor under-estimated the power of assimilation in the ordinary mind. Simple, expressive, full of musical cadences, his poetry is of just the quality to attract, as it does attract, that great mass of readers who would stand abashed before less open meanings. The ordinary mind seeks not so much for instruction as for amusement. It is sluggish in its action and averse to personal exertion. What this poet has to say he says as simply and musically as possible. There need be no struggle of the mind to grasp at obscure beauties or hidden meanings.

Longfellow's conquests are not, as were Milton's, the conquests of angels; his intrigues are not, as were Shakespeare's, the intrigues of an Iago. His loves are not the loves of a passionate Venetian, of an artful Egyptian, of a jealous Moor. He sings of another age and clime—of Arcadie, of the gentle Puritan maidens, of Miles Standish and John Alden. He has mighty heights nor depths, but he

proves one thing beyond a doubt—that the poet who is held dearest in the hearts of the people is the poet who writes of common things.

To advance one step toward the solution of the great problem of suffering in the world; to lighten, if only by a slight degree, the burden of human kind; to understand the sorrowful meanings of life and to helpfully sympathize; these, after all, are the gifts to be coveted, and no poet is truly a poet without them.

But Longfellow was not without passion, imagination, power of perfect construction. One might look long for a finer piece of workmanship than *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. Like his own student of old books and days, Longfellow loved to bring his lore from many sources, and his particular genius for reproduction had full play in these tales.

"He loved the twilight that surrounds
The border-land of old romance."

In *Hiawatha*, too, who could ask for a deeper insight into the secrets of nature or a more perfect accord of sound and sense? His lines here are as unique in their loveliness as are the scenes they portray. How they hold the music of Nature's voice within them:

"Should you ask me, whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?"

But no one need ask the question, for the lines are the very spirit and essence of the scenes they would depict.

And, again, in regard to construction: I would have you read with me, if you will, one selection from *Divina Commedia*.

"Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at the minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,

The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait."

What have we in sonnet writing better than this since Keats? The sonnet, too, most difficult of poetical construction. But, with all his knowledge of forms and meters, Longfellow's inaccuracy is the less excusable in the estimation of the scholar—thus he is not the poet of poets, but the poet of the people.

Now, once more, why the poet of the people—the chosen favorite? Let us recapitulate. In the first place, he has clearness, add to this simplicity, purity, the power of musical expression—make the message one of love and tenderness, and we have the secret. Herein lies the lesson for young aspirants. There is another secret, too. Longfellow possessed the power of infusing into his poems a personal magnetism—that same magnetic personality which insured to him popularity in whatsoever position he occupied in life, whether it be that of citizen, professor, or poet.

Davenant says of Fame:

"She seldom is acquainted with the young,
And weary is of those who live too long."

But Davenant reckoned without Longfellow. Fame seemed never to think our poet too young for her favors, and she never found him too old. From youth to the greenest of old age he basked in the sunshine of her smiles.

One point more, and the last. Longfellow had to a surprising degree the true poetic instinct—not only for subject-matter, but for expression. The purity of this instinct would establish his claim to the laurel crown—to the love of the people.

As, one after one, the great poets and novelists are called upon to leave their fields of usefulness, we sadly ask: "Where will be found the form worthy to wear this mantle?" Fortunate would be the youthful poet who could follow in the footsteps of Longfellow. Fortunate would be the world could there come another who, having a message to deliver, should deliver it so acceptably, in simplicity and purity of heart leading the people captive.

MISS ATHALINA'S HENNERY.

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.

"GREAT Cæsar's ghost!" exclaimed Miss Athalina Barnes, dropping the coat she was making for little Bertie Davis, "if that black hen aint out ag'in. Excuse me, Mis' Fuller, I'll be back in a jiffy," and Miss Athalina rushed into the back yard and "shooed" the truant fowl vigorously, until it was once again in the hen-house.

"That black hen is the plague of my life," she said, rejoining her guest on the sunny veranda. "She is the most restless, unsettled, fidgetty bunch of feathers that ever laid an egg. She wants to set now, and I fixed her a nice nest an' give her nine eggs, but that didn't satisfy her, so she kept on layin' an' layin' till she got thirteen, and now she won't set calmly at home on them, but every chance she can get she goes pokin' 'round the neighborhood to see if she can't find more. I don't dare let her out with the other hens, for, sure as I do, she goes off to see if the neighbors' hens' affairs don't need seein' to, so I had Jim Nelson make me a slat-door that I put up to let the air an' sunshine in, but she's always gettin' out somehow, and how she does it is more'n I can tell.

"Nelly Dobson's got a hen settin' next door," continued Miss Athalina, as she basted the collar on Bertie's coat, "and the other day when she got off the nest to pick up some grain, my black hen flew up there and set on them eggs till Miss Dobson's hen come back. Great Cæsar! she'd set on all the eggs in the street if she could. She seems to think she's got the care of the whole hen-neighborhood on her shoulders. I call her 'Marthy,' because she's troubled about many things."

Mrs. Fuller laughed at this, a stifled little laugh as if she had no time for such frivolity, then she said, sighing:

"As I was telling you, Miss Barnes, Mrs. Jameson's baby is such a puny little creature it makes my heart ache to look

at her, I cannot believe she will live long, and Fannie Grey on the other side of me is wearing herself out studying. It does seem strange to me that her mother doesn't check her. I fear there is trouble ahead for them both."

"Oh! perhaps not," said Miss Athalina, cheerily. "Sometimes these frail-lookin' girls who you would think could hardly navigate are the strongest kind of creatures. I wouldn't borrow trouble, Mis' Fuller. There aint no sort of good in it. If it must come, take it when it gets here, and thank the Lord it didn't come before, but don't let the black shadow of a sorrow that may never become a reality darken any of the present daylight."

"I am glad you have so happy a disposition, Miss Athalina," replied the little woman, dolorously; "but it beats me how one can be hopeful in the midst of such trouble and anxiety as I see on every hand. Just look around the neighborhood and see the shadows that rest here. They say that Frank Murray is bound to marry that Dobson girl, though his father is dead against it. There's Steve Larkins going to the bad, and John Bateman on the verge of bankruptcy, and Mrs. Davis just left a widow, and how will she get along with those three children? It looks very dark to my eyes. I wish my nature were less sympathetic, but I cannot help worrying."

Miss Barnes gave a stifled grunt and inwardly murmured: "If she was only sympathetic enough to be helpful it would do a sight more good than all her worryin'." Aloud she said, "I don't b'lieve in worry, Mis' Fuller. I think it is our duty to do all we can toward relievin' sufferin' and evil, and then jest leave the rest with God. Don't you s'pose He carries all the woes an' heart-aches of humanity in His heart? I do. I think Mis' Davis and Nelly Dobson and her lover, and John Bateman, yes, an'

Steve Larkins, too, and others enough sight worse than that poor boy, is a great deal closer to God an' His love an' compassion than they be to ours."

"You may be right," assented the little woman, tying her bonnet-strings, with a sigh. "I must be going now, Miss Barnes. I don't get time for visitin' or anything any more. I haven't been to the sewing-circle for two weeks, and my husband's sister is coming to-morrow, so I have extra baking to do, yet I must go and see that poor Jameson baby again, and run into Mrs. Markley's for a few moments. She is so lonely since her daughter went away."

"Don't try to set on too many nests, Mis' Fuller," said Miss Athalina, in playful earnestness, "or what will become of your own?"

"I wonder if she'll be mad at what I said, or if she'll take that hint kindly as 'twas meant?" said Miss Athalina, going to the sewing-machine and stitching around Bertie's coat vigorously. "If she aint the very counterpart of my black hen—a-worryin' an' frettin' about everybody's nests 'cept her own; goin' about with her feathers ruffled, an' sayin' she aint got time to smooth 'em down, because she's got to fly over to tell Mis' Jameson what a puny little chick her baby is. I don't see any reason why that Jameson child shouldn't live if they don't frighten its mother into dosin' it to death."

It was an hour later when Miss Athalina, having finished the little garment, tied on her bonnet, and started for Mrs. Davis'. She stopped to chat with Nelly Dobson at her gate. How pretty she was! No wonder Frank Murray loved her! She had almost said, "No wonder Nelly loved him!" as she called up a mental vision of the frank-faced, handsome young man who passed her house so often; but here she set her lips firmly, for Miss Athalina, who knew every other man, woman, and child in the town, and carried them all in her great warm heart, had only a bitter memory of the wrong Frank's father had done her years ago, and held absolutely no communication with the lonely man and his motherless

son who lived in the great dreary mansion next her own unpretending little cottage. How like Stephen Murray it was to deny his son this sweet-faced little maiden, because she had no fortune and sold eggs and chickens to increase her mother's tiny income!

"How are your hens doin', Nelly?" asked Miss Athalina, smiling into the brown eyes.

"Oh! beautifully, Miss Athalina; the Plymouth Rocks are laying every day since I fed them warm milk as you told me, and Brownie has a brood of the dearest little chickens. Come in and see them," and Nelly led the way to where eight little balls of yellow down pecked daintily at the ground, or ran affrighted under "Brownie's" wings.

"If they ain't too cute!" exclaimed Miss Athalina, enthusiastically, picking up one and stroking its soft feathers with loving fingers. "Land sakes! it does seem queer that the Lord should make chickens such dainty little things, and young robins all sprawling legs and mouths! But it's just so with babies, if you've ever noticed, Nelly. Some of 'em look as little angels might, and others is homely as grasshoppers. There's lots of likeness between hens and humanity. Some of 'em are overbearin' and selfish as can be. I've got some big white hens I'm gettin' so sick of. They are whoppin' and kickin' the others around all the while. I had Jim Nelson kill some for market last week, but I wish he'd killed these instid, so they wouldn't whack the others; the ones he took was peaceable, decent hens.

"Then there's others who never know what they want and go fidgetin' around the neighborhood to find out. There's Mis' Fuller—she's been in to see me this mornin', and she made me think for all the world of my black hen, 'Marthy.' I don't mean to be ill-natured, Nelly, but I couldn't help thinkin' how she'd leave her nest with her eggs at sixes and sevens to go and give advice to some one else about theirs, jest like Marthy! Suppose that hen'll be over here the first chance she gets to instruct Brownie how to raise them chickens. I give Mis' Fuller

a little peck this mornin', but I must say she took it very meekly. Do you give your hens plenty of bone-dust, Nelly? Give your chicks buttermilk, and bone-dust and gravel your hens, an' you'll make money." And Miss Athalina hurried on to Mrs. Davis's, where she gladdened Bertie's heart and brought a smile to the mother's tear-dimmed eyes by the gift of the little coat. She did not linger long for she had a pail of milk to carry to Mrs. Jameson.

"It will do you and the baby both good," she said, "it is from my 'fotted cow,' as Bertie Davis calls her. He means 'spotted,' but he always gets F instead of Sp. He came over to my house the other day and wanted to see my 'fotted cow,' and the hens, 'with little fecks on their fadders,' meaning my guinea hens, and he fairly shocked his mother by sayin', 'Mamma, I knocked all them fools down.' He meant the spools he was playing with. O Mrs. Jameson! babies are sweet and nice like this little one," trotting the tiny creature softly on her knee, apparently oblivious to its constant fretting. "But it's when they get to be three or four years old, I think, an' say such queer, cunnin' things that they twist themselves firmest round your life. Your baby'll be a sight of comfort to you then."

"But, Miss Athalina," sobbed the mother, "sometimes I think she'll never live to walk an' talk. She's such a delicate little creature. Mrs. Fuller said only this morning that it would be a marvel if she lived."

"Cæsar's ghost!" cried Miss Athalina, lapsing into her favorite expression, which she was wont to vary according to her mood. When mildly surprised, she said, "O Cæsar!" but this apostrophe passed through various changes till in moments of intense excitement it reached the forcible phase of "Great Cæsar's dead ghost."

"I should think Mis' Fuller would have more sense," continued Miss Barnes, contemptuously. "As many children as she's raised! Jest listen to them lungs!" she added, reassuringly, as the baby set

up a feeble wail. "You treat that baby natural; don't go to doctorin' it to death; an' she'll live to be a grandmother," with which oracular speech Miss Athalina bent her steps homeward. She knew she was late, as she noted the shadows, and felt somewhat disturbed thereat, for she always fed the hens at five o'clock, and Miss Athalina prided herself upon her punctuality. "It was always best to be regular about meals with hens as well as people."

Once at home, she hurried out to the "hennerly," where the fowls greeted her with noisy cries of welcome. She lifted the slat-door which kept the black hen in and the others out from its place and leaned it carefully against the pasture-fence, the hens following her greedily as she entered. Putting down the pan of scraps she had brought, she watched the greedy crew gather around it. "Last year I made fifty-eight dollars from my eggs and chickens," she said, meditatively, "and that mostly went toward sending Fannie Gray to the academy so she could fit herself for a teacher. This year I shall clear an even hundred. That would buy me that plant-stand I hev wanted so long, that gray silk I hev been hankerin' for, and bring me out in good shape to visit Helen Markley Selkirk. Great Cæsar! how I hev 'lotted on one of them plant-stands! and now to give it up for that good-for-nothin' Davis family is enough to make a bramble-bush cry," and some big tears rolled down Miss Athalina's cheeks as though to prove the truth of her metaphor. She dashed them away, resolutely.

"I'd be ashamed of myself, Athalina Barnes!" she cried, scornfully. "I'd go and hide under that hen-coop if I was you, to sit here crying like—like—like a Jameson baby! because you've got a chance to do a little good in the world. Mis' Davis has got to make another payment on her house this fall, or she won't hev no home, and every cent of your hen and egg money shall go toward it. There, now!" She walked over to "Marthy's" nest. To her astonishment the hen was missing. Miss Athalina gazed at the uncovered eggs in disgust.

"Them eggs will never hatch in this world," she said. "If that hen aint as restless as the Witch of Endor! Where under the canopy has she gone now!" A hasty glance about the hennerly convinced her that the object of her search was not there. She walked to the window and gazed anxiously across the lane which separated her door-yard from that of Mrs. Dobson, who also boasted a "hennery" of which Nelly Dobson had full charge. In a coop, just outside the door of Mrs. Dobson's hennerly, was Nelly's "Brownie," surrounded by her pretty yellow chicks, and there, to be sure, was "Marthy," examining the babies with neighborly interest, and chatting briskly in hen dialect to the proud and happy mother.

"For all the world! as if she'd raised a dozen families!" muttered Miss Athalina. "I'll be bound she's a-tellin' her what to feed 'em on and when to put 'em to sleep. It does beat all how she got over there!"

There was a door at each end of the long low shed Miss Athalina called her "hennery," the further one opening into a small inclosure between the shed and the fence, where Miss Athalina's hens sometimes took their airings when not allowed the freedom of the premises. Miss Athalina went toward this door. It was slightly ajar. Much puzzled, she stepped into the little yard. In the moist earth were the prints of a man's foot. Robinson Crusoe did not examine the mysterious footsteps in the sand more curiously than did Miss Athalina those in her hen-yard. She followed them to a gap in the fence and stopped in sheer amazement. There was a bench on the other side, half hidden by the willow that bent over it, and there sat Nelly Dobson with her head on Frank Murray's shoulder, crying as if her heart would break.

"Great Caesar's dead ghost!" exclaimed Miss Athalina, the remark falling with startling abruptness upon the lovers' ears. Nelly sprang up, roseate with blushes, but the young man threw his arm about her, protectingly, and faced Miss Athalina with the utmost composure.

"You surprised us, Miss Barnes," he said.

"I was some surprised myself," retorted Miss Athalina, dryly. She turned from the young man to the girl's tear-stained face. "What hev you been cryin' for, Nelly Dobson, I'd like to know?"

"You see, dear Miss Athalina," faltered Nelly, "that—that—Frank's father doesn't l—like me, and s—so we have to g—give each other up," and Nelly's voice broke with a great sob.

"Not so, Miss Barnes," explained Frank, tightening the clasp of his arm about Nelly. "I am of age, and know my own mind; and if my father won't give his consent to our marriage we can do without it."

"You know I never, never will marry you without your father's consent, Frank," interrupted Nelly, reproachfully.

"I know you do not like me, Miss Barnes," he continued, with an undaunted look into the grim face, "not for any fault of mine, I think, and I have always been sorry," he added with frank regret, "for it would have been much pleasanter to have been friends all these years we have lived so near, but you must love Nelly, and won't find it hard to imagine how well I love her, too."

The unsympathetic face softened slightly, for there was ever a warm place for lovers in Miss Athalina's heart, but this was Stephen Murray's son, and again her face grew hard.

"Yes, I love Nelly," she said, slowly, "so well that I would not trust her to one of the Murray blood."

Frank's face flushed, but he answered, gently: "I know there is an old quarrel between you and my father, Miss Barnes, but that should not make you discredit my love for Nelly. I love her more dearly than my life, and will ever. Let me take you to the house, Nelly." But Nelly would not leave her old friend like this.

"Dear Miss Athalina," she pleaded, taking her hand, "don't be angry. Don't look so cold and unlike yourself. Let me tell you how it is. You see Frank's

father has forbidden him seeing me. Frank doesn't care, but I wouldn't let him come to the house, and so—there were so many things that must be said, before we gave each other up—forever, that Frank has come to see me here, and—don't be angry, Miss Athalina—he has walked through the pasture back of his house and yours till he came to that gate in your fence, then he slipped through that and has come through your hennerly over here."

"An' left the door open behind him, so 'Marthy' could go gaddin' 'round the neighborhood!" snapped Miss Athalina.

"Is that hen out again?" asked Nelly, guiltily. "O Frank! as many times as I have told you about that door! You know I have carried her back over and over again."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Barnes," said Frank Murray. "I haven't meant to be careless, but I couldn't remember about the door. Nelly was waiting, you see."

The words, the tender tone, the love-light in his eyes, woke a voice long silent in Athalina Barnes's life. Across the years it rung out, joyous, passionate, thrilling.

"I forgot everything, Athie, for *you* were waiting," it said. She looked from one young face to the other, the tears rushing to her eyes; then she put out a hand to each and said, brokenly: "O children! *you* must not wait in vain." And sitting down on the willow-shaded bench, she made them tell her of their love and trust, their hopes and their fears.

"Don't talk about givin' each other up," she said, cheerily, as she started back through the hennerly with 'Marthy' tucked comfortably under her arm. "The Lord wouldn't bring two sweet young souls like yours together if He didn't intend them for each other. There's things enough in this world to come between young lives an' thrust 'em apart, without givin' way to triffin' obstacles. Only be true, an' trust each other, an' his father will come 'round. But don't you leave them hen-house doors open when you come back," she added, sharply, to Frank.

"I certainly won't," he answered,

"and I shall think more of your hennerly than ever, Miss Barnes, as we might never have been friends had it not been for my use of that."

With the egotism of lovers, the young people were at once absorbed in each other. Could they have followed Miss Athalina Barnes they would have seen her kneel by the bed-room window that looked toward the little Stirlington cemetery and give way to such sobs as she had not known for years.

"O Harry! my bright boy-lover! jest for one minute with you! jest for one little minute to tell you I was true to you all the time—all the time, Harry!" But the marble slabs only gleamed whitely through the gathering shadows, the soft breezes lifted the muslin curtains at the little window, the warm summer darkness fell from the twilight skies, but no voice from the grave answered.

Through the midnight hours Athalina Barnes struggled with herself. Could she for the sake of these young lovers sacrifice her pride, her memory of Stephen Murray's treachery, so far as to beg him to give his consent to his son's marriage with Nelly Dobson? For nearly eighteen years she had not spoken to him, but when the morrow dawned it found her ready for the sacrifice.

Dr. Murray's housekeeper opened her eyes wide with astonishment when Athalina Barnes presented herself at the door the next morning and asked for the master. She showed her into the Doctor's office and lingered curiously for a moment, but the visitor was non-communicative. Dr. Murray soon entered, greatly agitated.

"Athalina!" he cried, going to her with outstretched hands, "have you come to forgive me?"

"No," replied the woman, waving him sternly back. "I have not come to forgive you, only to demand some little amends for the wreck you have made of my life."

"Anything I can do, Athalina, anything; you know that," answered the man. "Will you not sit down and let me tell you how bitterly I have regretted all the suffering I have caused you?"

"Sit down in your house, Stephen Murray? Never!" replied the woman, sternly. "Listen to me. Eighteen years ago I bid my lover 'good-bye' with as trustin', faithful a kiss as ever blossomed on woman's lips, with as sweet hopes an' bright prospects of our future lives together as ever dazzled a girl's young eyes; an' how did I see him next, Stephen Murray? Do you think I will ever forgit that dead face of Harry's with the gapin' red wound in his temple where he'd shot himself because of the black-hearted lies you told him; because you made him believe with your forged notes an' the picture you had stolen that I was false to him—false to Harry whom I loved as I loved the sunlight, and that I loved you? Don't speak, Stephen Murray. Do you think a woman could forgit them things? Do you think anything would have tempted me to set foot in your house 'cept to keep you from ruinin' other's lives as you did Harry's an' mine?"

"And mine, too, Athalina," said the man, lifting a white, agonized face from the hands where his head was bowed. "Do you think I have not repented in sackcloth and ashes for the wrong I did you? For eighteen years I have seen his desperate face, stricken with my falsehoods, and his dead body before me. Have I not suffered? Forgive me, Athalina, forgive me! Remember, I did it for love of you."

"For love?" echoed the woman in stern contempt. "Love would hev sent that pistol-ball into your own heart 'fore you shot it through Harry Arthur's brain, for 'twas your lies, if not your hand, directed it! Love would hev choked them lies in your throat. Love would never hev blackened me in another's eyes. It's the memory of the pain you put in his happy, trustin' heart that makes me so unrelenting. If you had shot me before his eyes, Stephen Murray, 'twould hev been less cruel than to murder his faith in me, an' send him out to eternity b'lievin' I was false to him. O Harry! Harry! But I didn't come here to talk over the past," said Miss Athalina, mastering her sobs. "You

hev a son who wants to marry Nelly Dobson. A prettier 'n' sweeter girl never lived. But because she is poor you forbid him to see her with them haughty ways you hev; any man with the spirit of a clam would rebel at 'em, an' I come to warn you, Stephen Murray, not to ruin their lives as you did Harry's and mine. Will you let him marry her?"

"Let Frank marry Nelly Dobson who raises chickens and sells eggs in market, like any country bumpkin? How can I? I had such hopes for Frank," murmured the man, much disturbed.

"I sold eggs an' raised chickens when I was a girl like a country bumpkin," cried Miss Athalina, scornfully, "an' yet Frank's father would hev been glad to marry me."

"True," said the man, with sudden passion, "and he would—he shall do as he likes, Athalina," he finished, humbly, after that pause filled by the steely warning in Miss Athalina's eyes. "He shall marry her if he wishes. I promise it. But you, Athalina, forgive me. By the remorse, by the suffering of the years, by Harry Arthur himself, for I feel that wherever he is in God's universe, he has known of my sorrow and has freely pardoned, will you not forgive? All these years I have loved you, Athalina, yet there has been no moment, save the hour when some devil tempted me to fill his ears with lies, when, if I could have given you back your lover, I would not have given my worthless life to do it. See, my friend," and he lifted the cover from the desk that stood in the corner, "every morning I place flowers on this picture, and ask him to forgive me. Will you not shake hands before you go?"

The tears streamed down Miss Athalina's cheeks as she gazed at the face of her boy lover, smiling up at her from the picture. In the light of that frank smile she could no longer harbor hatred. A sudden conviction that Harry would wish her to forgive crept into her thoughts, and as she stretched her hand to Stephen Murray the consciousness of unforgiven wrong slipped from her heart, leaving it lighter by the burden of many years.

OUR LETTER FROM EUROPE.

BERLIN, November 15th, 1891.

DEAR EDITOR:—So you are anxious to know what I think of Germany and the Germans in general, and of Berlin and the Berliners in particular.

Well, certainly, after a protracted residence in the fatherland (I have been here about three months), and after a deep and exhaustive study of Teutonic characteristics, traits, manners, and customs (I know about a dozen Germans by sight) certainly one ought to be able to pronounce judgment. At any rate, most of the tourists who come to America, and then write us up afterward, don't give nearly so much time to making *our* acquaintance before they pounce down with hawk-like fierceness on all our little weaknesses.

But I came to Germany determined to make myself as thoroughly Dutch as the time and my powers of assimilation and imitation would allow. I would eat, sleep, speak only German, and that continually. So, without waiting for my ardor to cool, I plunged into the new element, stammering my entreaties for "ice wasser," or "heisses Wasser," as the case might be, and, no doubt, made myself thoroughly obnoxious to the hotel officials, who would much have preferred trying their English on me.

As for the table—well, I started out with the heroic resolve to be regulated by the Apostolic injunction—I would "eat what was set before me, asking no questions for conscience' sake." I had some sort of vague idea that the Germans were very uncivilized, if not cannibal, in their tastes—that they or some other foreign nation ate snails and raw meat and eels—I wasn't exactly clear in my mind whether it was they or the Chinese who ate rats and birds' nests, but who shall maintain that raw beef and eels are very much more palatable dishes than those aforementioned delicacies.

It was, I must say, quite a relief to find that they didn't eat *all* their meat raw, and by dint of shutting my eyes and

asking no questions I managed to accustom myself very soon to most of their queer, nondescript dishes. It is perhaps not necessary to add that I have not even to this day contracted any violent passion for raw fish, and that it will not be too hard for me to get along without Limburger cheese.

I did not really become fully reconciled to the German cuisine until I made my first visit to a "Conditorei." Then, when I had looked around upon the vast array of cakes and pies and tarts with glistening eyes, and had taken my first bite of a particularly luscious specimen—then, and not till then, did I figuratively shake hands with the Germans of Germany, and vow an everlasting fealty.

By the way, just let me say a word in passing: when you make that future journey across the sea to which you, of course, look forward, and when early in your travels you set your feet upon the soil of this big Berlin; then, when you go out for your first stroll "Unter den Linden," feeling, perhaps, just a little homesick and forlorn, then remember this word of friendly counsel: When you have walked along the broad avenue from the Brandenburger Thor to the Schloss-Brücke; when you have recovered from the first shock of disgust and surprise at finding that those far-famed Lindens are very dusty and sorry little saplings, indeed; when you have admired the stately old Museum in the distance, and have expressed your mind over the dilapidated condition of the Cathedral—then you will walk back again, stopping a minute to admire the very much flattered bronze statue of Frederick the Great, passing between the Opera House and the big University building on one side, and the very handsome "Zeughaus" and "Ruhmes-Halle" on the other; then, if you are wise, you will stop on the corner of Frederick Strasse, and turn into a very busy and cheerful looking little resort over whose door the name "Kreuzler, Conditorei," is written. A girl must be

either more or less than human who would not feel more reconciled to life after eating one of Kreuzler's tarts with whipped cream, or drinking a cup of his delicious chocolate.

Dear me! I am writing like a veritable gourmand, but you see, when I first made acquaintance with all these new "dainties done in sugar," I had a regular sea-voyage appetite, and so, perhaps, they made an unduly deep impression. Besides, I would have you know that eating is almost as characteristic a German trait as beer-drinking. One sees in all the Conditoreis grave elderly gentlemen, with or without uniform, sipping chocolate and pecking away at cakes and custards like any school girl.

But to see a German in his own dear native element you must go neither to the Conditoreis nor the "Concert-Halle;" nay, verily; you must cast aside some of your provincial prejudices and follow him into one of the numerous "Brauerereis." There meals are served at all hours at moderate prices, and there the real unadorned German comes out in his full Teutonic completeness. Then, when he has his mug of beer before him (it is about as large as a water-pail), whether with other refreshments or not as the case may be, then "the cares that infest the day" drop away from him and he is happy. The clouds of smoke from his cigar wreath about his head—the ladies might choke and smother in submissive silence, the true German smokes and drinks on. According to his rank in life and his amount of culture he may discuss the hard times, the recent rise in prices, the prospect of war (though I have heard no German talk on politics as yet), or may be if artistically disposed he will rave over von Bülow's merits as a Director or Sucher's rendering of "Isolde"—it doesn't much matter, the level of the beer sinks gradually in the glass, and it has to be periodically renewed in any case.

To us Americans, whose motto has always been "*Place aux dames*," the want of gallantry and even of ordinary politeness in the men is at first simply paralyzing. I have often stood out on the front

platform of a street car in the rain while at least six so-called gentlemen sat at their ease within. They will push by you remorselessly into omnibuses and cars and almost crush you in the entrances to theatres or concerts—evidently "*à la raison du plus fort*" is the logic which most appeals to them.

If you care to take the trouble to follow me up the four long flights of stairs which lead to my abode (an entirely separate establishment exists, be it understood, on each floor), I will promise not to serve you as the spider did the fly of old; I will only let you take a peep into the sunny room which is at present my vine and fig-tree on this foreign soil. You will, perhaps, open your American eyes as I did at first at the peculiar scrappiness of the furniture; for, as far as I have been able to discover, no such luxury as a set of bed-room furniture exists in Berlin. The floor is of polished wood, with a rug or two scattered around; there is a sort of sofa in one corner, a table in the middle—a chest with a looking-glass suspended above it which does duty as bureau, a miniature wardrobe, and mysterious looking washstand, and last and most important on the list, a bed and a stove. This bed, when I first looked upon it, sent a thrill of horror through my soul. It was summer—the sun shone in all its meridian fervor—the thermometer was way up yonder in the nineties, and here before my astonished eyes was a perfect mountain of feathers, under which and on top of which I was expected to rest my weary head. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark, that I didn't—no, I drew the line sharply there; some things I could stand, and some I couldn't, and wouldn't, and *didn't*. The stove was another surprise, and from the dimensions I was inclined to treat it with considerable respect. It raised itself tall and white and solemn, reaching from floor to ceiling and looking most unpleasantly like a tombstone. However, when the first chill day demanded a fire and I penetrated the mysteries of this white porcelain monument, my respect was changed to contempt. A veritable farce of a stove it is—with just a little hole

inside for fire, and all the rest just show and sham. One of our black fiery little grates can heat a room twice as well and in half the time, as I have taken occasion to remark to these deluded mortals.

But, after all, in spite of the feathers and the stove and the beer I must say I like Berlin immensely even after the more dazzling splendors of Paris. It is true there are not many really remarkable works of art or nature to visit. After you have gone through the National gallery where the pictures are for the most part very mediocre, through the old Museum, which is chiefly interesting from the clear index which it gives of the progress and the various stages of art from the sixteenth to the close of the eighteenth century, and when you have journeyed out to Potsdam and gone through a discouraging tour of palaces, beginning with Sans Souci with its relics of Frederick the Great and Voltaire to Babelsberg, the favorite palace of the old Emperor, why then you have taken in about all in the way of art which Berlin can give, always, that is, excepting the beautiful Mausoleum of Queen Louise at Charlottenburg; that is a wonder in itself apart from all associations with royalty. Queen Louise seems to fill for the German a place a little like that which Marie Stuart holds in the Scotch, and Marie Antoinette in the French imagination. She was beautiful, she was good, and she was unhappy, for all of which three reasons they love her. She and her husband, Frederick William (who didn't amount to much, as is usually the case with the husbands of beautiful and gifted women it seems), lie buried side by side in the royal mausoleum. Nobody thinks much about *him*, and one scarcely pauses to read the names of the Emperor William I and his Queen Augusta on the tablet in the floor. When you have mounted the broad, low steps and entered the lovely little chapel, your first and last thoughts are for her who lies sleeping before you, sleeping so quietly, her fair head resting lightly on the marble pillow and her whole face and expression speaking so plainly of rest after weariness, calm after storm, sleeping so sweetly that for the

moment we fall in love with death and fancy that since it leaves so lovely an impress on the face where it has set its seal, that must indeed be the rest and the goal toward which we are blindly striving.

When I first came to Berlin it was summer time and all the city was out of doors. At every corner was one of those out-door restaurants which strikes us foreigners so forcibly; under the shadow only of an awning, men, women, and children might be seen, eating hot meat and potatoes, and drinking wine or beer at all hours of day or night. The only music to be heard at that season must, as a rule, be sought at one of these beer gardens, and I have heard very beautiful concerts sitting under the trees devouring a very practical chop. The Thiergarten is, without exception, the sweetest spot on German soil, so far as my observation has gone. I know of no park in Europe or America to compare with it, and yet it lies in the very heart of the city—surrounded on all sides by busy, noisy streets.

Entering one of the many avenues which open on the streets, in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, you are in deepest, darkest, greenest solitude. The wind murmuring through the tall trees drowns the noise of the city behind you, and perhaps some little wild bird overhead, forgetting like you that this is not his virgin forest, breaks out into song, and trills blithely away oblivious of the fact that this silence and loneliness is quite illusory, that the next minute the wail of a whole menagerie of babies will probably drown him out, or that a party of fashionably dressed equestrians is likely to dash round a curve and put him out of time.

If you are lucky, you may even catch a glimpse of the Kaiser or Kaiserin riding or driving through the garden, and have a chance to admire one of the Kaiser's hundred different uniforms. You will, in spite of yourself, prove a disturbing element in a good many tender interviews, and try as you may, you will scarcely be able to walk twenty steps without seeing somebody.

This autumn has been very exception-

ably mild and fine, and in my daily strolls I could see the leaves paling and yellowing visibly from day to day—loosening their hold on life little by little, and at last falling softly and covering the pathways underneath. Every day the sun finds less and less obstruction in the thin foliage, and shines down more broadly with a ray, which like the smiles of old age, has lost its fire and kept only its brightness and its sweetness. Why, after all, should we call the autumn the saddest season of the year? To me its bare fields, falling leaves, and slanting sunshine speak of harvest gathered, labor done, and of rest much needed and well won.

When I made that vow which I have already mentioned, to be in all respects as German as the Germans themselves, I made, I must confess, one mental reservation. I might eat, talk, sleep as they did, but never, *never* dress like them. Nay! shade of Parisian dressmakers forbid. But how was I to help it? I have very little natural taste in such matters, and my monkey ancestors have handed down to me a large share of their imitative faculty. At last, after making some lamentable blunders and being mistaken on several occasions for a native, I arrived at the following solution of my problem: I would observe with extreme particularity everything which the Germans around me wore, and which I perceive to be distinctively German, and those especial modes and forms would I shun as we shun the plague. For instance: did a young lady come to make a morning call in October, crowned with a large straw hat wreathed with small white feathers, wearing a festive gown of blue and white plaid worsted, a low wide collar, open sleeves, and a pointed flounce around the bottom of the basque; adorned, moreover, with a string of corals, around the neck; a large garnet brooch with pendant; a conspicuous watch-chain and several heavy bracelets on the wrist exposed to view above the short, black silk gloves; and worst of all, a pair of heavy laced boots above which one occasionally could catch a glimpse of white cotton stockings then, I having straightway made my observations, set

down in my note book the following decisions respecting my own toilette. Item: small, black hat trimmed with ribbon or flowers. Item: dark, plain dress, tailor-made, if possible, with high collar and sleeves down to my knuckles. Item: no watch-chain visible; as little brooch as possible; no bracelets, long gloves, black stockings, *and* American shoes, etc. You see the scheme, I hope, and can believe that it worked pretty well in time—at least, it tided me over until I reached Paris.

Of course, you know that Berlin is just swarming with our fellow-countrymen; there are several hundred students in the University, and more of both sexes, who are studying music or the languages. The masculine half of this little colony are strangers to me, but an American girl is recognizable the world over, even *before* she opens her mouth. I don't exactly know why they should be so distinctive; they are often poorly dressed and delicate looking over here, and their fresh American roses seldom outlast a German winter of unrelenting labor, loneliness, and indifferent food; but whatever they lose, they carry with them a flavor of home, of that land where they are all queens, though queens in exile, queens by right of sex and youth and beauty.

The Germans do not understand this; they are apt to call forward and unmaidenly what is in fact attributable to innocence and the habit of confidence in their fellow-men, and respect for herself which surrounds our girls as an atmosphere.

If you want to see the American girl in her glory (and unless you are lost to all natural and patriotic feeling you surely will want to see her) there are two places where you can find her.

The first is the popular concerts in the Philharmonic. She goes to the opera of course, occasionally, and to the play, and to other concerts, but she never misses the Philharmonic on Tuesday evening.

The music is worthy of her, however fine and accomplished she may be, and she will find plenty of company be she ever so shabby and poverty stricken. Such a collection of oddities as gather

every Tuesday evening in that big, beautiful hall it would be hard to bring together in any other place. The admission is 60 pf. or 15 cents; the room is comfortably filled with square tables, and around these sit the groups of oddly-combined mortals of many lands and many tongues. There is a restaurant in connection with it, and between the movements of concertos or symphony the waiters steal softly around, serving beer and wine or chocolate to whoever is so inclined.

I usually go early, in order to secure a table for myself and others of my party, and so I have a chance to watch this motley crowd assemble and settle itself. Here a group of my fellow-countrywomen, bright cheeks, dishevelled heads, dress usually jaunty and becoming, even if sometimes a little *outré*, and tongues—oh! ye gods and little fishes; tongues that never weary and never pause.

At this table a group of rough men whose beer glasses require filling several times in the course of the evening, whose clothes are the worse for wear, but who, strange to say, have brought their scores with them and follow the symphony straight through with critical interest.

Here a whole comfortable family of Germans, the mother broad, fresh, and expansive, with her knitting; the daughter, pretty, smooth-haired, with the inevitable low collar and coral beads, and also with her fancy work; between which and her "Brautsan" or fiancé, who is, of course, beside her, and whose arm is generally on the back of her chair, she divides her attention. It must be, I have often thought, remarkably disillusioning to be one of an engaged pair in Germany—caresses, attentions, devotion, all taken for granted, and all offered and accepted in the face of the public. Here in the loge at the side where the admission is 25 cents and which are hence regarded as very aristocratic, a party of rather over-dressed natives, the ladies in half evening dress—they are very fond of crushed strawberry velvet in its most objectionable shade, and of impossible combinations of blue and green—the

gentlemen in uniform very stiff, very high shouldered and unusually handsome. And right underneath a half-dozen old, withered, bent women, more shabby than many a beggar in our streets at home, with bonnets inherited from their grandmothers and usually a little bag of some refreshment brought with them from home.

So much you can see before the music begins; afterward you may notice some interesting changes. The ladies in the loges look bored after the first movement; the officers lean back and doze; the American girls, some of the young and giddy ones, giggle, the others look as if they were learning a hard lesson; the German matron knits on contentedly, with a placid smile; but behold: the rough men are leaning forward as if spell-bound, and have forgotten to drink their beer, while the little old ladies lean back with shining eyes, listening, enjoying, appreciating quite as well as if they were dressed after the latest Paris wrinkle—such is life, and such are Germans.

The other chief gathering spot for Americans is the American church. There in their best clothes, with their sunny Sunday faces, they are looked at to best advantage, and they well repay the trouble of a second look.

The German churches are few in number, and the service is, to me at least, dreary in the extreme. The sermon dead, dull, and hard; the music a doleful wail of uncultivated voices; the prayers very hard for a foreigner to follow. And so this American church, with its American pastor, and its reproduction of our own service, is a bit of home for all these young exiles.

Unfortunately there is no church building as yet, much to the surprise of the Germans, and of the English, who have a very beautiful little church of their own, and who cannot understand why we rich Americans will not give to the sons and daughters whom we send over here a spiritual home. But we have a pastor, and a pastor's wife, and a pastor's house, than which no better can be found in any land; and we have sermons and prayers which never allow us to forget that though

far away from all our old life, yet we have a Father who goes with us wherever we wander, and that in the arms of His love we have a home which does not change with changing names or changing scenes, but is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

Well, I have written a good deal, and yet have said very little; only if you want to know Berlin, come over and see it for yourself, as for the present I have no more to say to you.

Yours ever,
FLORENTIA.

FOOTSTEPS AT THE DOOR.

BY MRS. E. M. CONKLIN.

IN many a home, the fire to-night
A score of times reflects itself;
From china, glass, and silver bright
Or simpler store of common delf!
While happy wives and children wait,
As oft and often-time before,
The click of the unlatching gate,
The husband's footstep at the door.

The young bride in her new-built nest,
The matron 'mid her youthful brood,
Or aged ones, waiting for their rest,
And they who mourn in widowhood,
And whether new-wed lovers meet,
Or mourners weep their loss the more
Alike their fond hearts yearn to greet
Remembered footsteps at the door!

O ye who bear the daily load,
The daily toil for daily bread;
Still cheer each other on the road,
With tender looks and sweet words said!
For ye who go forth day by day
Some day will go, to come no more;
And they shall list in vain, who stay,
To hear your footsteps at the door!

Toil on, brave workers of the world,
Bread-winners for your little flock!
Whether ye march with flags unfurled
Or reap the field, or delve the rock!
For you love keeps her fires alight,
For you waits welcome evermore!
And hearts grow warm, and eyes grow bright
To hear your footsteps at the door!

THE ROSICRUCIAN.

BY MRS. HENRIETTA D. KIMBALL.

CHAPTER III.

AS a financial scheme, writing did not pay. Although editors were helpful in the way of consolation, and suggestions as to the best methods to pursue, they did not put sufficient means in my pocket to keep the wolf from the door.

At this period of my life I felt so entirely alone and helpless I yielded to an attack of the blue imps.

I might have obtained practical assistance by an appeal to distant relatives who would have chosen a different course for me. But youth and pride and the strength within me rebelled against the stigma of acknowledged defeat.

It was the 25th of December, and, while the whole world seemed making a glad holiday about me, I had thirty-five cents in my pocket and the last coals in my grate. Something must be done. I had fought bravely, but I realized, with great bitterness, that I could not live by my pen.

A newsboy was crying the morning papers. I tapped on the window to attract his attention and, running down to the door, purchased a paper. I hurried back and scanned the columns of "wants" eagerly. "Laundress—Governess—Companion," and finally "A lady to do copying. Call at No. — Court Street. Room 12." I seized my cloak and hat and ran into the street. I had passed a few blocks toward my destination when a low, penetrating voice pronounced my name, and a light, detaining hand touched my shoulder, producing such unmistakable impressions I was not surprised on turning my head to encounter the grave glance of the Italian Count.

"Pardon, Miss —," he said, with unmistakable foreign emphasis, "I have looked for you long, and cannot tell why the cloud has obscured you so long. I know that you are struggling with that ugly monster—despair. Come with me.

I have need of you. I will reward you."

His tone was not commanding, yet he impelled me. Again that uncomfortable feeling of self-surrender dominated my will. I turned mechanically and accompanied him, he talking pleasantly all the way.

"I am a lonely man," he said, "but I have a pretty little den, somewhat removed from the busy herd of men, where I do my work quietly. Only this morning I discovered you were unhappy and I called you. It is well that you answer so quickly, for I have need of you. Thou shalt lighten mine eyes, child, that have grown dim, and through the clear lens of thy spirit I shall behold what man calls his future."

"Do you not recognize time?"

He shook his head, with a grave smile, that lent to his countenance an inexpressible sweetness.

"'Tis but a condition," he replied, "a perception of the senses."

Softly I walked at his side without observing whither I went until we reached our destination, which, to my consternation, proved to be the very place for which I had started in pursuit of employment.

Observing my astonishment, he replied to my thought:

"What men call circumstances is simply a recognition of the conditions with which we surround ourselves. There is nothing marvelous in this morning's experience. Did I not say that I called you?" and he opened the door of No. 12, and ushered me into a commonplace room, bright with sunshine and flowers, the broad, low windows facing upon Court Street being full of their cheerful blossoms.

The walls were adorned with a few fine paintings, some of an emblematic and all of a weird character. There were also three charts, one of which par-

ticularly attracted my attention. The artist had bestowed careful attention on both detail and coloring. It represented the journey of a lowly man upward toward a dome of stars that glowed in the purple sky beneath the effulgent light of the eternal eye. Somehow it reminded me of the Buddhist's Nirvana. I could fancy that lowly pilgrim ascending from the lower damps and shades of experience, until in the complete abnegation of self, after the fire storm of passion and rocks of pain, he should find the ultimatum of perfect peace resolved in infinite void.

There was a second room communicating with this, that was an alcove, divided by *portières* which were closed at present. The fittings of the main room were simple, being chosen rather for comfort and convenience than luxury or beauty. It contained in its book-case, its sofa and wide easy chairs, suggestions of home and domestic feeling which was mournfully wedded to its apparent devotion to business. There was a plain square table, a retort and crucible, three desks with high stools before them, and before one of these sat a young man, busily engaged in writing.

The moment the Count entered this room, a wonderful change passed over him, even his figure appeared to shrink, and his entire personality seemed divested of that grandeur that had so impressed me. He seemed but the ordinary man of business. He explained briefly what he desired of me and his methods of work. Placing his MS. before me, he demanded that I should read it. I did so at first with difficulty, but gradually I became familiar with his peculiar chirography, and managed to decipher it with sufficient rapidity to satisfy him.

"That will do very well," he said. "Now, if you will do this work for me I will pay you by the day," naming a price which I deemed generous. I was happy to accept the situation.

Having thus arranged the preliminaries of this business with me, he next presented me to the young man who, with a single glance, and a pleasant bow

of recognition, resumed his work. Charlie Church, as the Count familiarly addressed him, I deemed worthy of some attention. He was tall and slender, and well-dressed in a suit of black rough cloth, that greatly enhanced the pallor and refinement of his features. He looked what he was—a scholar and a gentleman.

Despite his reserve and apparent indifference, once or twice during the day I surprised his glance fixed upon me with such an expression of troubled inquiry I was puzzled to comprehend it, but, as soon as I turned my face toward him, he immediately withdrew his eyes.

The postman came twice, leaving each time a large package of letters. Occupying the middle desk, the Count devoted his time to correcting the MS. which Church had in hand, and in reading and replying to this large correspondence.

Once or twice a visitor announced himself by a timid rap, and opened the door. The Count wheeled about, fixing upon the intruder a look of fiery impatience.

"Sir," he cried, "did you not read the notice upon the door, 'not in'?"

This salutation was as powerful as though a whole battery had been turned upon the intruder in defense of the place; he immediately retired.

I learned afterward that upon certain days he received a large foreign correspondence, connected with the interests of his great order abroad. By those familiar with his habits it was deemed a breach of etiquette on such occasions to interrupt his labor, all others were informed by a placard upon the office door that he did not wish to receive visitors.

At five o'clock my companion arose, and, locking up his MS., prepared to take his departure. Deeming this the hour appointed for the day's work, I also placed my MS. in the drawer of my desk, when, with that gentle dignity that commanded respect and attention, he requested me to remain a little later, although he did not desire me to write.

Church, who now stood with his hat in his hand, turned upon the Count the silent emphasis of a startled look. He even opened his lips as if he would protest against some objectionable point that he was revolving in his mind, but as quickly reconsidering his intention, he bowed himself out with cool politeness before the Count had observed him.

With a grace so delicate and refined I could not construe it to be other than gentle courtesy, he took my hand and led me to the chart which had already produced such an impression upon me. He began to trace all the emblems in a dreamy, abstract way, until he touched the dome of stars.

"Only one step more and I have reached this point—then I shall be supreme in power and knowledge—then O mighty spirit! thou art no more a mystery. I must not fail."

He raised his head and stood enwrapt in silent communion with the invisible powers that so transformed and endowed him with such unearthly beauty. I was afraid to look upon him, my heart shook within me, and I turned away from the glory of his face.

"Come!" he scarcely breathed the word, but I followed him instinctively toward the inner room. He swept aside the *portières* and we entered, the draperies falling behind us seemed to close us forever as in some strange dim receptacle from the outer world. There was a couch in this room; at the foot of it he pressed his finger against the wall and a slow, revolving pivot turned upon me the face of a black mirror. "Look!" he commanded, and without any volition of my own will I bent eagerly forward. A strange sensation like fainting passed over me, and for a moment clouded my senses, and then my spirit that had been half wrung out of me by this deathly sensation returned with such ecstasy that I seemed literally to rise and float before the face of that wonderful mirror. Leagues away in darkness appeared the Count, whose eyes burned into my being like the still radiance of a star—suns, systems, galaxies passed in rapid rotation over the face of the mirror—no, it was created

about me, and in the midst of that etherial immensity I floated with unbounded joy. Then in infinite space appeared a dome of stars and a weary traveler toiling, climbing league after league upward; ever struggling and failing to reach them. Clouds and darkness were about him, evil powers combatted him—that was all—a sudden blackness, a fall as from a great height, a rush of warm blood through my bosom, and I realized I was lying upon the couch, the Count bending above me. Touching my temples with his warm, magnetic fingers he gently raised me to my feet—still I was bewildered—where had I been? ah! I recalled it. I had simply enjoyed a beautiful delusion. He led me to the outer room, and the bright light of the descending sun sending its red glow into it seemed to successfully recall my flying senses, and dissipate my queer fancies.

I now glanced at the Count. He was standing in the centre of the room. In the warm glow of the dying day his face looked like marble over which its radiance shone; purple shadows were about his lips and eyes, and his head was bent upon his bosom with an air of dejection.

"If I should fail," he murmured, fearfully, and then, as if he wished to be alone, he bade me retire.

When I reached the walk below, Church passed me, as if by accident, but bestowing upon me another of those serious, troubled looks as he hurried beyond me and was immersed in the crowd. The following morning when I entered the office I found my reserved companion already at his labors.

"Am I late?" I asked after the usual morning salutation.

"Oh! no," he replied. "I am early. I may be obliged to leave Boston tomorrow, and I wish to do a certain amount of work before that time."

I must confess that this quiet young man with his pale, refined face had produced such an impression upon me that I received this information with a little sharp stab of regret. The Count being absent I determined that he should exert himself to be a little more social to me.

"Have you a long acquaintance with Count Morebeous?" I questioned.

"Have you?"

His face as he turned toward me was so full of significance that I was confused and overpowered, as if instead of an interrogation he was secretly charging me with some fault, some indiscretion.

"No," I stammered, and then, smiling at my impression, I told him frankly all the circumstances connected with my acquaintance with him, reserving only my latest experience.

I noticed that he dropped his pen and followed me with eager interest.

"Ah!" he replied, when I concluded.

"I felt sure we had met before. I, too, was present at the Doctor's house that evening, and there, also, began my acquaintance with Count Morebeous. I was invited by the Doctor, who informed me that he had met the Count in his Egyptian travels where each were engaged in unearthing the mysteries of a dead civilization amid the ruins of Karnac and El Uksur. He discovered him to be the founder of an order, the exponent of a philosophy that somewhat agreed with his own peculiar trend of thought.

"About this time the Doctor was informed of a serious accident which his daughter had sustained while at school, and was warned to hurry home if he would behold her yet alive. It seemed that a fire had occurred while she was at school, and in the rush to save herself she had been pushed over the balustrade and must have fallen quite a distance had she not caught the rail with her left hand, where she managed to sustain herself until her cries brought assistance; but the sudden wrench and strain had torn some of the ligaments that supported the heart in such a manner it was decreed that she must die. A careful diagnosis of the case had been sent the Doctor, and the result of the examination was sufficiently alarming to bring him flying from Egypt as fast as the methods of travel would permit. The Count, who had an object in coming to America, accompanied him. And here he succeeded in restoring the daughter to life and strength in the mar-

velous manner that we both have witnessed. This not only cemented their friendship by the eternal bond of gratitude, but it also exercised such influence over the Doctor's beliefs and opinions that he also became a mystic."

"A mystic?" I questioned.

"I am not in a position to define this term accurately, perhaps I had better say they are Rosicrucians."

"Perhaps the question may not be pertinent, but I am deeply interested, and so associated with this strange Count, I would like much to know something of his origin—he speaks in riddles concerning himself."

"My knowledge concerning him is very vague, he may be Mephistopheles, or anything better that he claims; he may possess a larger share of divinity than ordinary mortals. I am sure he can be anything that his will and expediency requires. To-day, in the mighty kingdoms of his will, he works a miracle, to-morrow he is the slave of passion; there is a force and intensity about him that magnetizes and makes nearly every one who comes under his influence the servant of his purpose. I know little about the order he is establishing here. I am here to guard the interests of one more powerful and important to the interests of the Rosicrucians. You observe," he smiled, "not being a Rosicrucian, I am bold to discuss the attributes of their great master. More I might not say without betraying my trust."

A light step sounded in the passage, and the Count entered with a stranger. This man, who immediately threw off his cape, after raising his hat with an air of condescension, in recognition of our presence, seemed to literally glow with a fortune of diamonds which were set like so many suns upon his white fingers and immaculate linen. He was rather handsome, with a broad, intellectual forehead, but he was large and moved and spoke with a pomposity that marred the natural dignity of the gentleman, and betrayed sufficient weakness in his speech to spoil the superior qualities of a fine man.

The Count addressed Church in a low tone, whereupon he immediately rose and

the three men drew aside. Together they appeared to discuss some scheme, the greater part of which I could not avoid hearing. It appeared that the Count wished to make a transfer to this gentleman of some property in which Church held a controlling interest, therefore it would require either his consent or signature and he would give neither, claiming if he should do so, it would, under existing circumstances, prejudice the interest of a third party who had imposed some trust in him, that as an honorable man he held sacred. They argued and explained, and the Count denied the conditions imposed upon him by Church's obstinacy as not having been a part of the agreement made to Church's patron or friend.

Finding the quiet, self-possessed young man so implacable, the Count flew into a passion that was truly terrific. "Church," he exclaimed, rising to close the interview, "you may be an honest man, but you are also a fool! Your stupidity is stupendous, you would ruin my great scheme for a few paltry dollars if it were possible; yet I may not remove you. Go, then, before I lose myself entirely, and have become the victim of the evil that at times possesses me." He pointed angrily to the door, his face literally appeared to blaze with the passion that ruled him.

Church also rose, white to the lips, but perfectly resolute and calm.

"My position," he said, like a man who was holding back the great force of his scorn and anger, "may permit you to insult me in the presence of these people, but I am sure that in a calmer moment, when you reflect that I have acted only as an honorable man should committed with such trusts as I have accepted, you will discover that your scornful epithets are unwarrantable, and that your conduct is lacking that dignity which the high character you assume has taught us to expect from you."

Between these two men facing each other I now recognized their mutual mistrust and hatred. But I thought that Church in his masterly self-control had much the advantage of the great Count.

"Go!" thundered the latter, still

pointing at the door, whereupon Church bowed politely and withdrew.

The Count did not move a rigid muscle nor turn his blazing eyes until the door closed behind him, and then turning slightly:

"You, too, Swain, leave me for the present. I am not myself."

The gentleman addressed as Swain, as if comprehending his mood, immediately took his cloak and hat and quietly retired. I glanced at his beautiful, passion-distorted face, fearfully awaiting my command. Instead:

"Mademoiselle," he said, impatiently addressing me as he had at first with the French term, "turn to your work and do not look upon me until the spirit of evil has passed out of me."

I obeyed, watching him, however, stealthily as he paced the room like a caged tiger. Suddenly he paused by his window-garden. He put forth his fingers and touched the bright heads of the flowers. The angry tide turned and ebbed away, leaving a pale radiance shining over the black track of the storm. Were they the same being? The demon that had raged behind me, and the man who now approached me smiling, so pale, so calm that he appeared almost seraphic.

"Child," he said, gravely looking down upon me from his superior altitude of thought, "I am alone, alone among a world of men. Neither you nor any other can judge me by any common law, since I am doomed to carry a double life. I carry forever with me the weight of the knowledge of years and transitory states of being. It punishes me, and yet I cling to it as a man who struggles for the last breath of consciousness, dreading even temporary oblivion." He paused, passing his white fingers across his forehead, looking as if he saw me not, but as if his soul was immersed in dreams and shadows away down the dim isle of years. "Yet," he continued, "strangely I am confused and distressed, like him who without knowledge goes down into the swamping tide of Jordan into the valley and the shadow of death."

I seemed to fathom his meaning and I ventured to utter my thoughts.

"Since life with you is a name and death no mystery, why then does your spirit quail before the knowledge of some new transitions?"

"Did the knowledge of Golgotha, think you, mitigate the agony of Gethsemane? Can the expanse of intellect and the retention of memory so dwarf our humanity as to transcend all natural perceptions of states and conditions? how I have struggled to reach those stars—if I should fail! if I should fail! Come! look! through you I may behold what this agony pretends."

He swept aside the *portières* and held them for me to pass in before him, to the darkened room. All the old horror crept into my blood. It was as if I were associated with something inimical to life itself, yet the majesty of his deemeanor, the fascination of his eyes was a power that drove my senses from me like whipped sentinels, so that when he willed I became the empty creature of his purpose. Again he turned upon me the face of that wonderful mirror.

"Look!" he commanded, gently. "Tell me if I shall fail."

I did not now experience the exhilaration of the previous day, but as if a great weight was crushing my heart, my body was in a torment of pain; the vision, however, was repeated, but my agony became insufferable.

"Oh!" I pleaded, "take me to the air, take me to the air, I cannot breathe."

Yet he held my soul in the grasp of his merciless will.

"Look! you must see," he said, and so eager was he, that he leaned forward until his breath beat against my cheek. My limbs grew rigid, my throat was hot and parched; yet the cold drops of perspiration rolled over my face. The clouds rolled away from the face of the mirror and revealed within it the radiant face of the Count. Suddenly it darkened, it grew diabolical; he raised a pistol—I tried to reach him, to stay his hand—there was a simultaneous flash and report, and darkness veiled my suffering senses.

When I recovered I was in my own

room lying in bed. Some one had placed a lighted lamp upon the table, the burner turned low. I could not at first recall what had happened, and I was conscious only of extreme fatigue. I heard a slight movement at the foot of the bed, and upon looking in that direction I discovered a fellow-lodger.

"Myra," I called, faintly, "what has happened?"

Coming to my side, she lay her cool, soft fingers upon my forehead.

"So you are better," she smiled; "he said you would come round all right in a few hours."

"Who said so, Myra? What are you talking about? I have a confused recollection of something horrible."

In an instant the whole truth rushed upon me. I started up, despite my great weakness, under the pressure of strong nervous excitement, putting both hands to my eyes as if thus I could conceal from the recollection of reviving consciousness the horror of that suicide. I cried in agony:

"Myra, tell me what you know—was it a reality, or was it a vision?" but exhaustion overcame me, and I sank half-fainting among my pillows.

"There, there," she crooned over me, as if I was a baby, "do be quiet, I assure you nothing has happened, only that you were taken ill—rather queer in your head, you know; but a lovely gentleman brought you home in a carriage, and offered me five dollars if I would remain with you until you were quite right again."

"Did you take the money, Myra?"

"Certainly not," she replied, indignantly.

"Tell me, what was this gentleman's appearance? Was he tall and slender? did he wear a double cape? had he black eyes and hair, and a pale, handsome face? did he make you shiver when he looked at you?"

She shook her head to all these questions.

"There was nothing uncanny about him. He was tall and rather pale, with blue eyes, I should say. He gave one the impression of being rather refined and

scholarly than handsome, and I know that he wore a long gray ulster."

Myra had given a very good description of Church. I was puzzled. I lay a long time thinking about it.

"Myra, what did I say after I came home? I cannot recall anything that transpired after five o'clock."

"Bless me, you must have had a bad attack, for it is now ten o'clock. Well, I don't know that you said anything very rational; you kept rolling your eyes and repeating the 27th of May. Then you would moan and turn your head from side to side, repeating again the 27th of May."

As these figures seemed to possess no particular significance, I began to reflect upon the Count's conduct with some bitterness. Having placed me in so dangerous a state, why should he abandon me? It was not probable that Church had returned to the office, and he had so committed me to his care. What then had happened to bring us together? Had he permitted me to wander forth like a maniac to encounter him? Here was a new mystery, which I must wait for time to solve. Experiencing no pain, I told Myra she might retire.

"If you think it is safe to leave you, if not, I will sit here until morning."

I assured her that my condition was not dangerous, and that I was sure to be quite well in the morning. So she left me somewhat reluctantly, yielding to the demands of tired nature for insensible repose. Notwithstanding my convictions of the night before, I was not quite well in the morning. My nerves had evidently sustained so great a shock that the vitalizing current flowed but sluggishly in my veins.

Myra came in, made my tea and toast, and bolstering me in bed, gave me a book; with a laughing injunction not to read, she left me, promising to look in upon me at noon. Soon after a timid rap sounded upon the door. My heart bounded with a new impulse of life. Whatever I hoped or expected, my response brought no more important person to view than the landlady.

Was I yet sick? She was sorry; any-

thing she could do, and with much more insincere landlady-talk she managed to inform me that a gentleman had called to inquire if I was better and able to see him.

"Who was it? had he not sent his name or card?"

No; she had not asked him. She thought that I might understand. How stupid. She would go again and ascertain.

Which she did, returning almost immediately, bearing a large bunch of tea-roses, whose grateful fragrance filled the room.

"See," she cried, exultantly, "he sends not only cards and compliments but these also," whereupon she flourished them under my nose and then carried them to the table to arrange them.

I took up the small slip of folded paper that she had dropped upon the bed and scanned the written message eagerly.

"DEAR MISS:—Let me hope that my sympathy is not obtrusive and that my wish for an interview may not be denied.

"Yours, etc.,

"CHURCH."

"Tell the gentleman that I am at present unable to meet him, but will do so as soon as possible. Thank him also for his beautiful gift."

Strange as you may think it to be, it was a whole week before I was able to leave my bed, and yet I could complain of no illness excepting fatigue. Mr. Church called and left his dainty daily offering, but I could not summon sufficient nerve and courage to meet him. I feared and shrank from that which he was waiting to tell me.

It was Friday, the second week in January, when I finally consented to meet him.

I knew that I must again resume the grave responsibility of living. Life in two weeks had changed color, an apprehensive gloom crushed my natural energy. On the practical side Myra had relieved me by securing me a situation in her store, which, under the circumstances, I felt compelled to accept with gratitude,

although I gazed with rueful bitterness upon the pile of MSS. that had come to naught; however, I was not wholly blind to the significant attentions of Church, and the delicate character of it had won strongly upon my regard. As I prepared to receive him, I looked with true womanly concern upon the wan reflection of myself in the mirror. I put on the best dress that my wardrobe afforded for the occasion, and selecting a rose-bud from his last gift, I fastened it upon my bosom and with trembling heart and wavering steps I descended to the landlady's parlor, where Church was awaiting me. He came toward me; the color brightening his pale face; receiving the hands I offered, he held them a moment without speaking and then led me to a chair.

"I cannot be too thankful to God that I see you well!"

"Why," I smiled, "do you speak so seriously; the occasion was trivial and I have been sick a long time."

"I think the occasion was not trivial and I am thankful that you are neither dead nor a madwoman."

I was sure that he was speaking strongly from the excess of some inward passion he was struggling to control.

I tried to look unconscious of his secret, but he bore down my glance with the clear, steady questioning of his truly fine eyes. His soul I felt in every fibre of my being making demands of mine that I could not answer, for affiliation, for sympathy, for love.

"I may imperfectly comprehend you, but I have cause to be grateful that a happy accident has sent my craft floating your way."

"Yes, a happy accident, truly. Do you know how I found you last Friday evening?" Now he was approaching the dread subject of my latest experience with the Count. It was the one thought—the one query of the long week. What had happened to him, and how and why was I abandoned to the care of Church? Yet, when I approached the solution of the mystery, my spirit shrank from the flagellant truth.

"In order that you should understand

it," he began, in a dry, mechanical tone, "I must commence my story a little earlier than you anticipate. I am the adopted son of Mr. Andrew, whose wealth, philanthropy, and high political integrity has made him souls which he attracts and attaches to himself. Mr. Andrew, having become an initiate of the order, pledged a certain sum for the publication of the Count's books, which are calculated to disseminate Rosicrucian ideas, taking a mortgage upon the plate-matter of some of these works. I was then welded into the scheme in the interest of my benefactor who without distrusting his honor had little faith in his ability to handle money judiciously. From the moment I met Count Morebeous, I experienced an antipathy and distrust that I think was mutual. He could not impress and rule me as he did other men, and as his spirit cannot brook opposition, he would naturally dislike me. Notwithstanding this, however, no rupture occurred until he wished to transfer the mortgage, or cut out a work which I deemed very important. I would not consent to either proposition until I had at first consulted Mr. Andrew. For I suspected, as I have since learned, that I should be sacrificing his interest to the Count's expediency. It matters not what coloring my judgment may give his character. I must confess he is endowed with the most powerful personality of any being I have ever met. His ambition, I believe, however, is the overruling principle of his spirit. The common issues and passions of men are as puerile to him as the toys of children. What, then, think you is the force of any spirit in the volcanic path of such a passion? All individuality would be consumed and swept away like chaff in a tempest.

"The day before you came, he informed me of his purpose concerning you. 'Church,' he said, approaching me with unusual urbanity, 'I have found a perfect subject for some new experiments. They are extremely important to me, and I should have used her spirit long ere this if she had not been strangely concealed from me.' When you entered

the office I took the occasion to quietly observe you, and from observing you my heart was moved toward you with such a power of love and compassion—I could not abandon you. But while I was tortured with doubts as to the best methods of approaching and warning you, the *idenouement* came sooner than I expected. After the altercation you witnessed I left the office, but determined to wait until I saw you safely home, as I had done every night since you entered that place. I saw Swain come out, I watched for your appearance with feverish anxiety; yet you did not come. I did not wish to reveal my purpose, so I delayed until two hours had passed, when I determined to enter the office, let the consequences be what they might.

"On reaching the door I was even more alarmed, if possible, to find it locked, but, having yet in my possession the duplicate key, with which I had been accustomed to let myself in and out, I easily effected an entrance. What I beheld justified my fears. You lay upon the sofa, white and still like one dead, the Count was at his desk writing, his pen scratched rapidly over the paper. So absorbed was he in his work, so indifferent to you that he did not notice my entrance until I startled him by addressing him.

"'Devil!' I cried, 'what have you done?' He threw up his hands and gasped as if I had struck him.

"'Done!' he reiterated, 'never speak to me when I am at work like that. Can you recall the inspiration that has fled, the thought that I would not have lost for every American?' He spoke without passion, gravely, reproachfully, as if I had grievously injured him. Shocked by his apathy, I pointed to the sofa.

"'My God! sir, do you realize that you are neither in France nor your native Italy? Have you no regard for a woman's life and honor?'

"'That which you call a woman's honor is sacred to all true men. I have not harmed her, take her away, and tell her I cherish her memory. Now, go, for I have great work to do.' He ap-

proached you. I watched him suspiciously. He bent above you with some unearthly mummerly. He moved his hands to and fro. He touched your temples, then he called you and you woke, but only partially conscious. However, he coolly resumed his work and I gladly took you home."

It would be difficult to analyze my emotions at the close of this narrative. I realized how good and true this man was, and yet I could not wholly surrender the other to his judgment. The glamor, the fascination, the power of that mysterious life had not passed from my soul. In my weakness, I am ashamed to say, I put down my face and cried softly between my hands.

"Great men are not always wise," he continued, with a soft note of sympathy. "But there are men to whom the Almighty has given understanding. It is better to be true and good than to be great, in the sense of intellect—to be just, to be humane, to be tender. Are the moths happier, think you, that they are consumed in the light?"

"Go away," I sobbed, "leave me for the present. I am ungrateful."

"I will," he replied, "if you will promise not to seek Count Morebeous and to trust me as one who loves you and could do you no injury."

I promised, and he went away satisfied.

I took the situation in the store and found some pleasure even in my occupation. Charlie Church did not neglect me, he was my true, constant friend. Gradually the old impressions wore away, although I sometimes passed No. — through Court Street, and would even stand looking up at the windows in No. 12. Further than this, I neither sought the Count nor information concerning him.

The months wore on until the May flowers appeared in the baskets of the street venders. Church had taken the editorship of a popular magazine, and I was assured of better prospects with my literary work. Once again I was a happy girl.

One night, late in the season, I had accepted an invitation to accompany him

to the theatre. Mary Anderson was playing at the Globe, and I hurried home to get ready, in happy anticipation of a pleasant evening. I had taken my supper and hardly finished the task of dressing when he came for me. He suggested that we should walk up Tremont Street toward the public gardens. The warm air of the late spring evening inviting such exercise, I gladly consented. As we walked and talked his conversation appeared only as a ruse to conceal some unhappy thought he was revolving in his mind. He glanced down upon me, also, with the old look of troubled concern. I was not ill-pleased. I felt with my whole soul grateful for the man's greater strength and tender care.

"Eva," he said, at length, "I have something of importance to tell you. I hope you are prepared for a great shock."

"How can I tell?" I replied, apprehensively. "What is it? anything is better than suspense."

He took my hand, holding it against his arm; he allowed his eyes to dwell upon my face.

"Yesterday," he commenced, slowly, "I received a telegram, and to-day a let-

ter, from Mr. Andrew. It appears there has been some change in the office of Supreme Grand Master of the Rosicrucians. Count Morebeous was displaced and has shot himself."

My heart stopped beating, a blindness swept over my eyes, as for a moment I reeled, and then by an effort recovered myself.

"Is he dead?"

"He is dead."

"Then he was only human after all."

"I cannot tell; he was an incorrigible being."

"When did it happen?"

"Yesterday."

We walked on toward the theatre in silence. We entered, and as I heard the crash of the orchestra it recalled that other night when I had come out from a grand performance of the "Barber of Seville."

"Charlie," I whispered, "what day of the month was yesterday?"

"The 27th. I do not think we will ever forget."

"Forget it! It is one of the memories which the hot brand of experience has stamped upon my soul for eternity."

FOREGONE.

BY E. NESBIT.

THERE is none anywhere
So beautiful as she, or half so dear;
My soul is glad whenever she draws near,
Because she is so good and sweet and fair.

I shall not be the one
To break the cloistered stillness of her youth;
To teach her passion and pain, and love and truth,
And lead her through the Garden of the Sun.

But when her joy-bells ring
I think, perhaps, that I shall smile and sigh,
And wish that roses did not bloom to die,
And that the birds of June might always sing.

For I am sad and wise,
And where my dreams lie dead the grass has grown;
But she has taught me grief for youth long flown,
And what men mean who talk of Paradise.

"POOR RICHARD."

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

HIS name was really Richard Merri-man, but at a very early period indeed in his history he gained the plaintive sobriquet of "Poor Dick."

Who first gave it to him is not known, but once applied, it struck every one as so eminently applicable that it became like certain other verbal marriages, such as "shining stars," or "wintry winds," a simple statement of a self-evident fact. Poor, in the ordinary sense, he was not, at least to begin with; but certain other misfortunes and peculiarities combined to make of the term what some grammarians would call "a descriptive adjective."

As a baby he ran dolorously, systematically, but triumphantly through the whole gamut of the diseases to which children are especially subject, and supplemented them with some brilliant variations of his own in the way of small-pox, meningitis, inflammatory rheumatism, and blood poisoning. As a wee toddlekin, he made a profession of falling into, over, or down everything that came in his way, and of crying plentifully for hours after he was picked up. As he got older, he only grew in disgrace and in disfavor with relatives, friends, and strangers. He would finger everything, including red-hot coals out of the grate. He set every door generously open all winter, and as a compensation closed them scrupulously the entire summer, and even went so far as to lock them occasionally in the dog-days. His idea of an immortal body was trying, to say the least of it, to outsiders, and could not have been wholly satisfactory to its tenant. It was apparently a theory thoroughly carried out that feet were meant as exponents of chilblains in every stage and of every variety; that eyes were not up to the mark unless they were sore; that fingers were made to be cut and tied up in unpleasant-looking rags; that, generalizing broadly, a nose must

either be bleeding or require wiping; that a tooth, without an abscess at the root of it, lacked its *raison d'être*, and that the human ear was especially designed as a receptacle for a roast onion.

Everything about Richard was abnormal. His freckles were twice as large and greatly more numerous than those of any other boy in the community. His tears, as photographed on his bibs and aprons, were much bigger and wetter than any other child's tears, and if his head had been, like Job's, a fountain, he could not have been more liberal with his water-works. When scolded (and you may be sure that he got his full share of that luxury) he was never known to reply impertinently or act resentfully. He simply sat still and smiled, visibly, like a kitten before a saucer of milk, until high-water mark was reached, when he (still quietly), with no sobs or cries, or outbursts whatever, poured about a gallon of salt, salt tears down his cheeks, and until his pinafore had been changed three times and a half-dozen handkerchiefs used up, was inveterately moist, and obstinately heart-broken.

His status in the family was a crystallization of past experience. Was a fearful noise heard on the landing, a "thud! thud! bound! bound!" that startled a guest into rushing from the breakfast-table to see what was the matter, the Merrimans smiled calmly or contemptuously as the case might be, and said, by way of complete explanation:

"It's only poor Dick. Come back and finish your muffins."

Was there a sudden smell of fire, somebody was sure to exclaim:

"Good Heavens! what is that dreadful child about *now*."

If a sudden ring at the bell came that sounded importunate and official, the whole family crowded into the hall on the lookout for the same old Dick in a brand, new misfortune, and were gratified

by seeing him brought home by a cabman who had run over him in the street and broken his arm, or a policeman who had fished him out of a hole in the river on which he had been skating.

A physician indeed was attached permanently to the household-staff from the day Richard made his bow to the world, and when summoned used to call out cheerfully from the window up-stairs:

"Tell Dick I'll be there directly," without waiting for particulars.

His father, a florid, jovial, vulgar man, disliked the lad's melancholy, absent air, resented his want of appetite, and grew indignant over his repeated misfortunes.

"Hang it! what's the matter with him *now*," he would say, when told of Dick's latest achievement—say, mumps—during the holidays.

He used alternately to bully or rally his son according to his humor, both processes so painful to the lad that he took to slinking about the house like a criminal, and seemed quite undecided about the doors; for if met at the front, he instantly slipped through a side one, and used them almost entirely in their capacity of exits and not entrances when strangers were about.

When caught in the family sitting-room he was superlatively wretched. While his younger brother was being praised and fondled, and his sister told that she was an angel, and had dropped straight down from Heaven, poor Dick was asked if he couldn't find something else beside the best carpet on which to wipe his muddy boots; or begged to explain why his hair would always stand on end like a porcupine's; or how he had got that awful grease-spot on his new coat.

"Not there!" his mother would shriek, seeing him about to put his tea-cup down on a blue and gilt copy of the *Lady of the Lake* absently with the right hand, as he pored over the book he held in the left.

No wonder that in this atmosphere the boy grew more shy and awkward every day; more conscious of his elbows and knees, his want of ease and grace, and

general attractiveness. He often thought sadly that no matter where he was he seemed to be always in the way, and so drew farther and farther into his shell, morally and physically, and spent as much time as possible in an old lumber-room at the top of the house, where he met only uncritical spiders and mice more timid than himself; and where he could quietly devour the books which were his greatest solace and source of delight.

It was a matter of great astonishment to the family that a boy who won no honors at school and was pronounced dull and queer by his teacher, while his juniors took home satisfactory reports, fulsome commendations, and prize copies of Molière or Macaulay, should yet spend nearly all his spare time reading. But then he was, they had decided, "a failure;" a comprehensive theory that accounted for everything. This estimate of his worth had been conveyed to him by so many channels, openly in the brutal witticisms and sneers of servants, filtered through the polite commonplaces of visitors, indirectly in the lamentations and querulous fault-finding of a well-meaning, but foolish mother, that the lad at first accepted himself as a misfortune to be endured rather than cured.

"I confess that I have been extremely ambitious," he had once heard his mother say to a guest. "My husband comes of a family distinguished for legal ability, and my father declined to be Consul at Bristol. I *had* hoped that my *son* would some day enthrall the Senate, or rise to the Supreme Bench. But you see what poor Dick is!" Volumes of exclamation and explanation were conveyed in her glance.

"Dear Lydia!" replied the female friend, in a tone of respectful sympathy, "it must be a trial to a nature like yours. It is to be hoped that Richard will turn out differently. You have made so many sacrifices for your children that it is only natural that you should look for compensation."

"People may call it sinful. They may blame me. I can't help it. I am ambitious. It is in me, *here*," replied the mother, laying her hand on her bosom

as if to indicate the exact spot in which this virtue, that was falsely termed a vice, rested.

Neither of the ladies noticed that the dining-room door was open, and that while they had been exchanging these touching confidences over their luncheon Richard, curled up as usual in an arm-chair, his cravat under his left ear, his hair not much the smoother for having a hand run through it from right to left or left to right (as indicating his enjoyment of particular passages), had, for once, had his eyes and thoughts drawn off from a favorite book by the voices in the next room and heard every word.

He was a lad of eighteen now, and no doubt the sap that rises in human beings as certainly as in trees at certain seasons, had been for some time trying to force its way up through the hard, cold conditions that had so long arrested his development. And now, instead of accepting in a dull and spiritless fashion the old doctrine of his being doomed to be a disappointment, a nonentity, just "poor Dick," a synonym for shrugs, contemptuous comments, and general incapacity to the end of the chapter, he rejected the idea as fiercely as though it had been presented to his mind for the first time.

His heart glowed with indignation. The color rose to his cheeks. His eye flamed with a light that had never shone in it before. He was above ground at last, in a new world, ready to do and dare, to enjoy and suffer, to claim his share of life and light and love with God's other creatures.

He got up, threw down his book passionately, and for several days was scarcely seen in-doors at all, but went for long walks in the woods in which he gave himself up to making plans for his future, plans full of energy, waiting to be put in practical shape, plans undirected by experience, uninfluenced by sympathy, uncheered by love, but vitalized by a fixed determination to be and achieve something, and show the world, his world of the distinguishable few, and not that of the undistinguishable many, that he was not the creature they took him for.

Circumstances soon after aided him to carry out his views about emancipating himself.

His father, whose careless, self-indulgent nature had led him into extravagant habits, and living far beyond his means, lost quite a sum of money which he had relied upon to settle up what he was wont to call rather vaguely and magnificently his "outstanding liabilities" when that blue Monday, which even he knew to be inevitable, should come around.

Instead of this, some bank president of equally speculative and hopeful views about future possibilities went off one day to Mexico, leaving an unsavory reputation and no assets behind him, and taking, it was supposed, the money of many thousand depositors beside Mr. Merriman.

The latter was at first prostrated by this blow, and his wife no less so. It was Richard who saw the creditors, paid such bills as could be paid, discharged the servants, moved the family into a small house on the outskirts of the town in which they had lived, and after getting his father a clerkship in a railroad office, announced quietly one day, with a little nervous shuffle of the feet, and his usual hesitating speech that he was going to Colorado.

If he had said Cochin China, instead, the family could hardly have been more amazed.

"And what on earth shall you do when you get there?" asked his father.

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Why, you will starve!" exclaimed his mother.

"On the contrary, I shall succeed. I never mean to come back until I can pay all father's debts and have done what I mean to do," announced Richard, calmly.

"Pay your father's debts! You!" gasped his mother, and then surprised by his air of resolution, and impressed by a certain manliness that had lately shown itself in everything he said and did, she refrained from further comment, and only exclaimed: "Well! I never!" as indeed she never had.

"I shall go over, to-morrow, to bid the Whartons good-bye and leave next day, so please have my things packed at once, mother," Richard further said, and went back to his book as though he were another Burnaby accustomed to traveling all over the world, and regarding a journey across the continent as a matter of no importance whatever.

To Whitford, a village ten miles off, Richard repaired, accordingly, early next day, to see the relatives he had spoken of. Now, the Whartons were very rich, would-be fashionable people, and the eldest son, who spent a great deal of time in New York, regarded himself as "the mold of fashion and the glass of form." All that tailors and bootmakers and haberdashers and hatters could do to make a man and a gentleman of him had been done long since, yet he remained hopelessly insignificant, a bad imitation of bad models.

He was walking down the main street of Whitford with a friend from Boston, convinced that he was making a great sensation by his faultless attire and by appearing in company with Mortimer, ("one of the Mortimers of Raeburn" as he carefully explained to a dozen people whom he met), when his snobbish little soul received an electric shock that, so far from reviving it, almost made it die within him, for who should he see coming toward him but Richard! Richard, of whom he was always ashamed, whose clothes always seemed to be made for somebody else, who wore no gloves, and looked bigger, more awkward, more shambling, more entirely the country-cousin than ever in the reflected light of his fashionable friend's probable estimate of him. When Richard was almost upon him, he turned to one of the shop windows and developed an immense interest in the chromos and fancy articles there displayed, hoping to be overlooked himself, but it was no use. Richard walked immediately in front of him and held out a limp hand, not liking his cousin one whit more than he was liked by him, but civil. "How are you, Philip," he said, carelessly. "Annie at home? All well with you?"

"Oh! yes, yes," stammered Philip, as his cousin leaned against the wall and he took in the awful details of his toilet, a black alpaca coat, a frayed collar, a slouch hat, and boots that looked actually red.

"Going home? I will walk down with you," said Richard, and forthwith fell into line beside the friends. Forced to introduce him, Philip hit upon what he thought a delightful expedient and further executed a masterly manoeuvre.

"Mortimer," said he, hurriedly, "this is Mr. Potter," and when his friend, a well-bred man, had shaken hands and said that he was glad to make Mr. Potter's acquaintance, the wily Philip took occasion to wink privately at Richard, as much as to say, "good joke, aint it?" After this he suddenly said, "You go on, and we will overtake you. Mortimer is going with me to the telegraph office to send a message."

Richard's large brilliant eyes had an expression of contemptuous amusement in them that Philip had never noticed before, they conveyed an intelligent comprehension of his motive that he did not like.

"A stupid oaf," he said, as he turned away. "I'm glad to get rid of him so neatly."

"Do you think so? I thought he had a remarkable face. He is very like a print of Daniel Webster, taken when he was very young, that my father has," replied Mr. Mortimer.

"Like Mr. Webster! Ha! ha! ha!" roared Philip. "That is hard on poor Dick! Why, he is next door to an idiot!"

Meanwhile Richard was striding rapidly down the street with a flushed face and not the most charitable feelings toward his cousin until, turning into the grounds of a handsome house in the suburbs, the current of his thoughts was quite changed by coming upon a young girl who was clipping roses and laying them carefully in a basket on her arm. This was Annie Wharton, a gentle girl of fifteen. Annie, who had always been his sworn friend and champion, with whom alone he felt at ease, who understood him,

sympathized with him, was fond of him, and to whom he had therefore come to unfold all his new hopes, plans, and motives.

His little playfellow and friend could not help showing the popular estimate of Richard to a certain extent, though publicly she had always insisted that Richard wasn't ugly at all, nor stupid, and that his freckles were "not so very large," and that he couldn't help being awkward. Still, when he told her that he was going to Colorado in two days, as a first step in a career of prosperity and distinction, that he had worked out for himself, she could not help showing her astonishment and throwing her little cup of cold water, too, on the proposition.

"But what are you going to do, dear Richard?" was her first question. "I am too young to know much about it, but won't it be dreadfully difficult to get along out there, so far from—from everywhere," said she, winding up rather lamely, in her anxiety to dissuade him, "Suppose you should get sick and be taken to the hospital—if there are any hospitals?" she urged, and more affected by her doubts than he would own, Richard sat silent for a moment, after which he went back simply to his old formula.

"I am going. I shall succeed. I will do anything, everything. I know what you think. You are like the others. You think me a fool!" he said, with bitterness. "Well, I'll show you! I am going to the *Senate*. That's the place my mother said I never could get. You just remember what I say, Annie."

"O Richard! how unkind you are," said Annie, with feminine tact, unable to deny the truth, and anxious to put matters on a safer footing. And then she cried a little and there was a little more talk between them, after which he kissed her good-bye and wouldn't wait to see Philip as she suggested, but left a message for his uncle and so started down the street again. He had got about half a square, and Annie was sitting disconsolately on a garden-bench, thinking over his visit, when his head suddenly reappeared over the hedge, and he beckoned

to her. "Yes, Richard, what is it?" said she, running toward him.

"Nothing," he answered, concisely, "only when I have paid my father's debts and got even with the world, I mean to come back and marry you."

At this, Annie burst into a pronounced fit of school-girl giggles and Richard marched off without another word.

On the day appointed, his small preparations completed, and modest effects securely packed in the cheapest and shiniest of portmanteaus, Richard ran up to the nursery and took affectionate leave of the little sister and brother he loved so well, received some gloomy counsels and predictions from his parents, and so turned his back on a home which had for him no joyous or inspiring memories, yet with tears in his eyes that sprang from a heart too noble to have been more than pained by indifference and misapprehension, saddened, but not resentful.

For twelve years after this the home-staying Merrimans led quiet and uneventful lives: the father sifting gradually down in the world until he reached the not very magnificent position of clerk to a coal merchant; the mother, a confirmed invalid, lamenting more and more loudly her lost and past splendors; the daughter, grown to a lovely and most unselfish girl, struggling bravely with the difficulties of her position, and fulfilling faithfully its duties; the son, developed into a dissipated, worthless young rascal, indulged past belief by his mother, and in a fair way to see the inside of a penitentiary. All this while, occasional letters, tolerably frequent at first, had come from the wanderer saying how he fared in the far West, and it had come to be a settled conclusion with the family that "Poor Dick," as they continued to call him, was a ragged herder of somebody else's cattle on some remote ranche. His letters, always short, treated chiefly of those he had left behind and contained brief statements about his health, the weather, scenery, or people about him. Many and various had been his adventures all the same. He had not stuck to Colorado, but had wandered over several Territories and States, and figured by

turns as school-teacher, ranger, herder, miner, editor, and in a half-dozen capacities beside.

In the last-mentioned position he at last got his foot on the first secure rung of the ladder of fortune in getting control of an influential paper. The vast store of general information that he had absorbed all through his boyhood and youth, combined with ability of a rare order, proved a mine that yielded the best possible dividends in the shape of reputation and fortune. "Poor Dick," now rich, invested prudently what he earned until he had almost as many flocks and herds as the patriarchs, and at last found himself in a position to achieve the particular prize of which he had never lost sight. He went into politics, and after serving the State in a minor capacity, was elected to the Senate of the United States, and at once wrote home, stating simply that he was coming on to make them a little visit. A week later he was rolling across the prairies in a fever of excitement and impatience, feeling as though his train was the slowest of ox-carts. He stopped in New York and was going down Broadway next day with a well-known millionaire whose acquaintance he had made, when whom should he see approaching him but a very seedy, shabby-looking fellow, indeed. When close upon him he recognized Philip, Philip, the elegant Philip, sadly changed—out at elbows, with a coat buttoned suspiciously high, and a nose that proclaimed in flaming colors the cause of all his woe.

The two men stared at each other for a moment and then shook hands. If it was hard for Richard to recognize "the gilt-edged Philip," as he had always called his cousin, it required much more effort for Philip to believe that the prosperous, gentlemanly, well-dressed man before him was, indeed, the gawky, dull "bumpkin" whom he had contemptuously dismissed from his great mind years before as a waif and stray of no importance, who would never come to any good. As for Richard he read amazement in every line of his cousin's face. His eyes sparkled, and the color rose to his face.

Turning to his companion, he laid his hand on his arm. He had now an opportunity—the very opportunity for which he had so long waited to revenge many a snub and a certain slight that had long rankled in his heart. His impulse was to say, "Let me introduce you to my friend, Mr. Potter." But his noble nature asserted itself. His hand dropped, and a recording angel wrote instead, "This is my cousin, Mr. Wharton."

"Come and see me, Philip. I shall be at the Gilsey for a week. Dine with me this evening, won't you?" he added, as they parted. "I am at the Gilsey and shall be glad to see you."

Philip had the grace to color deeply at this.

The Merrimans were sitting late one night over a low-spirited fire in a shabby, dingy sitting-room where they were wont to assemble, when a carriage drove up to their door. A thundering knock administered by the impatient cabman followed, and on Mr. Merriman's opening it he was properly amazed to have both hands seized by a gentleman who looked an entire stranger, but called him "father!" and rushed past him toward the wife and daughter beyond.

But what shall be said of Mrs. Merriman's emotions when she learned that her ne'er-do-well, hopeless, insignificant son had developed into the man before her—prosperous, distinguished, and almost handsome, for it seemed that the fickle goddess, after having clouded his youth with almost every misfortune, had determined to atone for it by lavishing every gift on his manhood. She stared at him, at first openly and then furtively for a whole week before she could properly readjust her ideas of the long-absent son. If he had walked in with a bundle slung over a stick, footsore and ragged, it would have been just what was to have been expected of "Poor Dick," but a Senator in purple and fine linen, and a carriage! I need not say that Richard was never "Poor Dick" after that; that he kept to the programme he had marked out for himself, paid his father's debts, bought back the old home, and was not only most generous and kind to his immediate

family, but got Philip a situation out in the West on a ranche, where he eventually became a respectable if not particularly valuable member of society.

Families in their collective corporate capacity are apt to consider themselves like the Pope—infallible, but now and

then some individual like Richard Merri-man upsets all the family calculations, makes null and void the family prophecies, and generally represents that unknown quantity which is such an important factor in reckoning with human beings.

FARMER JOHN'S SOLILOQUY.

BY AMY HAMILTON.

I MOU'T as well acknowledge, 'taint no use o' beatin' 'round,
I've done a heap o' thinkin' plowin' up this faller ground,
An' suthin's been a-painin' an' achin' me like sin—
I reckoned 'twas dyspepsy or malar creepin' in.

At last I got my dander up, an' to myself sez I,
The biggest fool in natur's him that tells hisself a lie ;
I've been lettin' on 'tis malar, an' my stummick, when I know
It's my conscience that's a-hurtin' an' worryin' me so.

I've been a-shirkin' this here thing for thirty year or more,
An' I orto had this shakin' up an' settin' down afore.
I've been honest fur as payin' goes, not a penny do I owe,
But the kind o' cheatin' that I done was the kind that didn't show.

My mind goes back to Hanner, when I fetched her here a bride—
No apple bloom was sweeter, an' she nussled to my side
Like she thought she had a right to, an' could trust me without fear,
For the love I never hinted at for more'n thirty year.

There was churnin', bakin', b'ilin', there was nussin' an' the rest,
From long afore the sun riz till he slumbered in the west ;
An' when the rest of us was done, an' lollin' round on cheers,
Hanner was recuperatin' with her needle an' her shears.

But when the life was ebbin' from that faithful, patient heart,
I had to face the music—I hadn't done my part ;
And I couldn't help a-thinkin', watchin' out that weary life,
That there's other ways o' killin', 'xcept a pistol or a knife.

It sounds like sacreligion, but I knew jist what she meant
As I whispered, " Fly to meet me when my airthly life is spent "—
" I'm tired, John, so tired, but I've allus done my best,
An' I may feel more like flyin' when I've had a spell o' rest."

THE BROTHERS THREE.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "A BACHELOR'S BLUNDER," "MATRIMONY," "NO NEW THING," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

COLD COMFORT.

BEING in some natural perplexity as to the course which it behooved him to adopt with reference to the girl to whom he had plighted his troth—what must Hubert Chaine do but betake himself to Chaine Court to seek counsel of his elder brother! He found that eminently trustworthy personage strolling round the garden, and narrated his tale to him without needless verbiage and with a good deal of unstudied eloquence.

"I haven't forgotten," he added, by way of an afterthought, "that the last time I spoke to you about Miss Stanton you told me you yourself had some notion of asking her to be your wife; but I don't believe you were serious at the time, and of course, even if you had been, you couldn't think of such a thing now."

"Of course not," agreed Wilfrid, dryly. "Nevertheless, my dear fellow, it appears to me that you have made a most egregious fool of yourself."

He spoke with some sharpness; for in truth he had been not a little vexed by the intelligence imparted to him. He had ventured to believe that Violet would be quite ready and willing to accept a husband so eligible in all respects as himself; and now, lo! and behold! it turned out that she had been insane enough to yield to a school-girlish fancy for a younger son. To be defeated by Sir Harvey Amherst would have been honorable and endurable, because Sir Harvey's great wealth naturally rendered him a powerful competitor; but to be defeated by a whipper-snapper like Hubert would be a little bit too ridiculous. He therefore proceeded to remark somewhat disdainfully that calf-love is a transient complaint, that its ravages, as its name implies, are confined to the male sex, that women are much more given to talking

than to acting sentimentally, and that, upon the whole, the wisest method of dealing with obvious impossibilities is to cease thinking about them.

"I didn't come here to consult you about that," said Hubert, to whom these observations were anything but agreeable, "I don't care two straws whether you sneer at what you are pleased to call calf-love or not, and I don't admit that what you set down as an impossibility is impossible at all. It is for Violet to say that it is impossible for us to marry upon a small income—and she hasn't said so."

"Oh! hasn't she? I imagined, from what you told me, that she had."

"Not at all! at least, I don't think so. She won't consider herself engaged to me, because her mother bars the engagement; that's right enough, you know."

"Perfectly right, no doubt; and it's a civil and considerate way of telling you to go about your business. I suppose Miss Stanton doesn't want to hurt your feelings more than she can help."

"Oh! that's bosh," returned the younger brother, impatiently; "it's very evident to me that you're talking about matters you don't in the least understand."

"It may be so. I am singularly simple for my age, and I have never pretended to an exhaustive knowledge of feminine peculiarities. To the best of my poor ability, I have given you sound advice; but perhaps after all it wasn't advice that you wanted."

"Yes, it was; only of course there's no use in your saying the sort of thing that every Tom, Dick, or Harry would say: we all admit that poverty and long engagements are objectionable. But you do know a good deal about women and a good deal about the world, and what I want you to tell me is whether I'm doing the straight thing. I believe it's pretty

well understood between us that I'm bound, but that she isn't. Well, that sounds fair enough; only I shall be sure to meet her, you see—out hunting and in the town and all that—and what sort of terms ought I to meet her upon?"

"Oh! if that's what you ask me, I can only answer that a gentleman ought to avoid all possible occasions of causing embarrassment to a lady. It isn't very difficult to take off one's hat and then get out of the way. You are afraid she may suspect you of being a faithless swain? My dear boy, you needn't feel the slightest alarm on that score. I will take it upon myself to affirm that she will never doubt your fidelity until you give her good reason—which, to be sure, you may do before you are very much older. And even then see will forgive you; for she has far more common sense than you can boast of. Meanwhile, you have it in your power to make her uncomfortable; so there can't be any question but that your duty is to efface yourself."

"H'm! I sha'n't get much help from you, I see," observed Hubert, gloomily. "You take it for granted that the whole affair is at an end."

"At the risk of affronting you, I must confess that I do. And while I am being offensive, I may as well add that you should never have allowed it to begin. A man who can't afford to marry, has no right to propose—upon calm reflection, you'll acknowledge that much, I dare say. Happily, your indiscretion is not likely to have the serious consequences that it might have had; for unless I am greatly mistaken in Miss Stanton, she is hardly the girl to waste the best years of her life in crying for the moon."

Hubert went away very sorrowful. His brother's remarks had displeased him; but at the same time he could not help admitting the justice of some of them and the plausibility of others. Moreover, he felt that he was not entitled to hold her to a promise of that kind. So it was poor comfort that he obtained out of this visit of his, and, being in such a depressed and disheartened frame of mind, he went straight back to barracks, instead of looking up Ida and laying his

case before her, as he had originally intended to do.

It was, perhaps, just as well for him that he decided to relinquish that intention; for, had he carried it into effect, he could hardly have avoided a somewhat ludicrous encounter with two other persons who, from opposite points of the compass, were now making their way toward the White House. Wilfrid, after his brother had left him, had come to the conclusion that it would be advisable to say a few words to Ida. Whether they should be friendly or unfriendly words he had not quite made up his mind; that would have to depend upon the spirit in which she might receive him. But either by means of conciliation or intimidation she must be made to drop a scheme which did not suit the views of the head of the family and which she seemed to have been chiefly instrumental in encouraging. It would probably be easier to conciliate than to intimidate her; still the latter course might be found practicable, if one were driven to it.

Wilfrid, therefore, having reason to know that women can be frightened when there is nothing at all to be frightened at, fetched his hat and stick out of the house and strolled off in the direction of a dwelling which ought by all right and precedent to have formed part of his property, but which was for the present occupied by a lady who, not content with having defrauded him of his due, had been presumptuous enough to place spokes in his wheels. So it came about that, when he had almost reached his destination, he was brought face to face with Miss Violet Stanton, who had walked over from St. Albyn's for reasons of her own, and who did not look altogether enchanted at meeting him.

"Are you going to the White House?" she asked, after she had acknowledged his salutation and had agreed with him that it was a fine day for a walk. "I was rather in hopes of finding Mrs. Chaine alone."

"In that case," replied Wilfrid, politely, "I will turn back, of course. You have something very important and confidential to say to Ida, I suppose?"

"Yes; I want her to show me the last number of the *Mode Illustrée*, which I believe she is rich enough to take in, and to help me with a wrinkle or two out of it. One can't talk about these things with a man in the room; so, unless you have some special reason for wishing to call upon Mrs. Chaine this evening, it would be truly charitable of you to go home."

It may have been that Violet was looking unusually pretty, or it may have been that there was something provocative about her manner, or, again, it may have been that consciousness of rivalry always acts as a stimulant; but, whatever was the cause that stirred Wilfrid's somewhat sluggish heart, certain it is that he suddenly experienced a longing to win Miss Stanton for his own which far exceeded in intensity any previous desire that he had felt to be so fortunate. Indeed, some symptom of this was recognizable in his voice as he said:

"Your wishes are quite literally my law. I'll make myself scarce, since you want to be rid of me; though, if I were to consult my own inclinations, I should accompany you, notwithstanding the dressmaker. Happy will be the man who will eventually have the privilege of paying your dressmaker's bills!"

"Do you think so?" returned Violet, with a quick, sidelong glance at him. "Well, if such a man exists, or ever comes into existence, I daresay he will be rather happy, because I don't spend much on dressmakers. It is the tailors and saddlers who make havoc of my poor little allowance."

"Ah, but he will have to pay them too, won't he? Lucky fellow, all the same!—that is if he *can* pay. And you won't be so short-sighted as to link your fortunes with those of any man who can't, I trust. No, Miss Stanton, you know better than to fall into such a fatal error as that."

He looked at her with a meaning smile which she perfectly understood. "I wonder who has told him?" she thought to herself. But she did not blush, nor was she much offended by his rather blunt fashion of depreciating

his brother and recommending himself. She had not Ida's instinctive dislike for Wilfrid, who seemed to her to be a man of the ordinary selfish type, and who, had she been heart-whole, might have struck a bargain with her as easily as Sir Harvey Amherst.

"As far as I can see, there is every prospect of my paying my own tradespeople to the end of my days," said she. "Well, since you insist upon taking a broad hint, the least I can do in common gratitude is to let you go at once. I am sure Mrs. Chaine will be delighted to see you to-morrow or next day. Good evening."

He was not anxious to be dismissed, because he had one or two more appropriate observations to make, and because (for in truth he did not very well understand a sex which he heartily despised) he fancied that the girl was not unwilling to listen to him; but she turned and moved away so abruptly that he was left without excuse for pursuing her, and she accomplished the short remainder of her walk unpolstered.

Unfortunately, somebody is always in the way—perhaps even I who write and you who read are occasionally in the way, despite the quick-sightedness and discretion upon which we so justly pride ourselves—and Violet had much ado to conceal her disgust when she found that long-legged Arthur Mayne seated in her friend's drawing-room. Arthur Mayne, for his part, having that honesty and inability to disguise his emotions which belongs to our masculine nature, looked quite frankly disgusted at the entrance of the visitor. "Confound that girl!" was the uncivil ejaculation which he inwardly permitted to himself; "she'll sit me out this time, I suppose."

This, however, was really an unwarrantable assumption. Violet would have liked very much to sit him out; but she soon perceived, by Ida's slightly heightened color and extreme cordiality, that that was not exactly what her friend wished her to do; so she chattered commonplace for ten minutes, hastily swallowed a cup of tea, and then jumped up,

without so much as having asked for a glimpse at the *Mode Illustrée*. Ida followed her out to the front-door, divining, perhaps, that she had come upon some special errand, and said, apologetically:

"I am so sorry I wasn't alone. Have you anything to do to-morrow afternoon?"

"Oh! if I don't turn up to-morrow, I will the next day," answered Violet, laughing. "After all, I hadn't such an extraordinary piece of news to give you—only that I have made an abject fool of myself. Would you believe that I, of all people, should have fallen in love with a hopelessly impoverished youth like Hubert Chaine, and, what's more, that I should actually have been and gone and told him so! But that is the lamentable truth."

The embracings and congratulations which greeted this announcement may be easily imagined; but Violet soon extricated herself from both. "We can't talk here," she said; "if you have anything to say to me which can possibly resist the attacks of reason and common sense, you will have to say it when we have time for ample discussion. You must go back to Mr. Mayne now, and forget all about me and my sordid embarrassments."

It must be confessed that Ida obeyed the above injunction to the letter. She did not forget her friend's interesting difficulties when she re-entered the drawing-room—indeed, her mind was full of them—but she forgot them soon afterward, for the very cogent reason that she was promptly called upon to face difficulties of her own which interested her still more. How many of us love our neighbors as ourselves? Certainly not Ida Chaine, who, though a truly unselfish woman, was quite unable to devote any part of her thoughts to others from the moment that Arthur Mayne embarked upon a statement which he had come to her house for the express purpose of making.

"The end of my holiday is coming into sight," he began; "I shall have to go back to work and London soon, and

I can't go without saying something to you which I should have said before this if I hadn't felt that it would most likely be useless. Useless or not, it must be said. As far as that goes, I suppose you know it already, Ida; I suppose you don't require to be told that I haven't changed, and that I love you just as much as I did in the days when—well, to speak honestly, when I believed that you loved me. I quite understand that *you* must have changed; you couldn't have helped changing in some ways; but—can't we agree to sponge out the past and everything that belongs to it? After all, it is dead and buried now."

Ida shook her head. "It is never possible to undo what has been done," she answered, with tears in her eyes; "if one could only realize that in time, what a difference it would make and how many times we should look before leaping! We realize it clearly enough when the leap has been taken, though, and nothing can ever make me what I used to be. I should have thought you would have understood that."

"To me you are just what you used to be," returned Arthur; and if this was not strictly true, he believed that it was. "You haven't ceased to be yourself—else I should have ceased to love you. Has it ceased to be possible that you should love me? Because that is the only real question between us."

"Ah, no; that isn't the only question. You will see that it isn't if you will think for a moment of who I am and where I am now. Of course it is possible—and a great deal more than possible—for any woman to love you."

"You mean that you have become rich upon John Chaine's money," said Arthur, quickly. "Yes; I know that, and I admit that it would be an obstacle if you chose to make it one. But I am perfectly certain that you would resign this wealth as gladly and willingly as I would for the sake of any one whom you cared for, and in reality it ought to be much more of an obstacle to me than to you. I have never thought so meanly of you as to consider it, and I needn't tell you that I would infinitely rather be

without it. I have an income of my own to offer you now, and my prospects are as good as they can be. For a few years we might not be precisely well off, but we certainly shouldn't be in want."

Ida made a gesture of dissent. "It wasn't about that that I was thinking," said she. "If I were to marry again, this house would revert to Wilfrid, and as for the money that old Mr. Chaine left me, I don't know that I should feel any scruple about keeping it, though I should be quite ready to give it up. What you don't choose to remember, and what other people will never forget, is that I am the widow of a murderer—at any rate, of one who is supposed to have committed murder, and who is supposed to have done so in consequence of the way in which I treated him. However innocent I may have been, I must bear the weight of that reproach to my dying day—and I must bear it alone."

She spoke sincerely; she was determined that Arthur should not suffer from any stigma which might be assumed to attach to her; she was determined also that she would say nothing about Barton's half-revelation until she should have heard something more definite from the man. But perhaps she may have hoped that she would be urged to explain that hinted doubt of hers as to her late husband's guilt of the crime imputed to him. Arthur Mayne, however, disappointed her by taking no heed of an observation which seemed to him irrelevant. Personally, it was a matter of indifference to him whether John Chaine had committed one murder or twenty; he only asked to be allowed to forget John Chaine; and he only cared to know whether John Chaine's widow had similar inclinations.

"It all comes to this," said he, after he had vehemently protested against the absurd notion that misfortune is synonymous with disgrace: "can you love me, or can't you? If you can, nothing ought to keep us apart: if you can't, all you have to do is to say so; and then I will go away and trouble you no more."

Being thus driven into a corner, what could Ida do but make what practically

amounted to an admission of the truth? Straightforward people generally do manage to get at the truth, and although Arthur Mayne neither heard it in its entirety nor was permitted to hope that Ida's conscience would ever let her marry him under existing circumstances, he went away full of joy and of confidence in the future. That her future could be made to depend in any way upon the clearing of her late husband's memory was too preposterous an idea to be seriously entertained, and he wasted little thought upon it. He knew now (notwithstanding her refusal to confess as much in plain language) that Ida loved him: nothing else really mattered.

Meanwhile, Ida, sitting alone in her drawing-room, with her hands clasped idly in her lap and a glow of happiness in her dreamy eyes, was saying to herself: "If only that man Barton was not deceiving me!—and if only I can force him to speak out! Arthur won't see that it makes any difference; but it does make a difference—it makes all the difference! And he would find it out sooner or later; because some women out of many who would malign me would be sure to get to his ear."

Then she started up suddenly. "I must go and see Barton," she exclaimed aloud; "I can't bear this suspense any longer!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

BARTON SPEAKS.

It was still daylight, though the evenings were now growing short, when Ida set out to walk across the fields to the game-keeper's cottage. She had received no direct news of him since her last visit, nor had she seen the doctor, to whom she had intended, in case an occasion should present itself, to speak a word or two about the man's physical and mental condition; but she had heard through the servants that he was a shade better, and it seemed likely enough that his life might be prolonged for a few more months.

In fact, she had not time to trouble herself much about causes, being preoc-

cupied with the more practical problem of how to open the lips of a man who obstinately prefers to keep them closed. Barton was very obstinate; he was not—or at all events he did not suppose himself to be—dying, and he evidently did not care enough about abstract justice to run the risk of getting into difficulties for the sake of it.

"I shall have to frighten him," thought Ida. "After all, he must see that he has put himself in my power by confessing that he knows who committed the murder, and if I threaten to apply to the magistrates, he will probably become more communicative."

Whether this plan would have proved successful seems open to doubt; but Ida was not called upon to make trial of it; for as soon as she reached her destination she was accosted by Mrs. Barton, who was standing at the garden gate, shading her eyes with her hand, and who exclaimed:

"Lor', m'm, you *have* walked fast! I didn't think as you could ha' got my message by this time."

"I have had no message," answered Ida; "did you send for me?"

"Why, yes, m'm; the gal started off runnin' to fetch you nigh about an hour ago; but may be she's stopped to pick blackberries—children is so thoughtless!"

"Is your husband worse then?" Ida asked quickly.

The woman shook her head and raised the corner of her apron to her eyes, though this action seemed to be rather a conventional tribute than the result of any immediate necessity. "He's sinkin' fast, m'm," she replied; "I don't believe but what it 'll be all over afore to-morrow. Well, Barton he's been a 'ard man, and he's give me a 'ard life of it; but, put it how you will, it do come terrible upsettin' to be left alone like this, with a passel o' children to keep and nothing for it but to take in washin'."

Ida said as much in the way of condolence as her impatience would allow her to say, and suggested that, if the sick man wished to speak to her, he should be enabled to do so forthwith.

"Yes, m'm," answered the woman, eying her rather suspiciously: "I'm sure I don't want to stand betwixt you, nor yet I don't know, no more than the babe unborn, what 'tis that he has to tell you. He's that close I can't get nothin' out of him, though when he was light-headed he let drop here a word and there a word, as one may say. But if he done wrong, you wouldn't go for to visit it upon the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, would you, m'm?"

Apparently Mrs. Barton was not less selfish than her betters. For the rest, she was a miserable-looking woman, who might very likely have led a miserable existence, and her misgivings were pardonable. Ida said what could be said toward reassuring her. "If your husband has concealed anything which it was his duty to reveal, of course the wrong will have to be set right," she remarked; "but I don't suppose that will lay you or your children open to blame or loss. Will you take me to him now, please?"

Barton was sitting up in bed, supported by pillows and cushions; his breathing was labored and irregular; his cheeks had the ghastly pallor of approaching death, and his great gaunt hands kept plucking at the patch-work quilt which covered his knees. His eyes, however, when he opened them on Ida's entrance, had not yet lost their fire or vitality.

"You're none too soon, Mrs. Chaine," said he, hoarsely; "'tis all over with me now, and the sooner I'm gone the better 'twill be for me. Now, 'Liza, you get out of this and don't come nigh me again till I send for you—d'ye hear?"

Mrs. Barton fetched up a tremendous sigh, by way of protest, but retired submissively, while Ida drew nearer to the bedside.

"Now, m'm," began Barton, "will you please be so good as to walk on the tips of your toes to the door and see whether that woman aint got her ear to the keyhole. Ah, I thought as much!" he added, when Ida had obeyed his injunction and when a sudden scuffle of re-

treating slipshod feet made itself heard. "There's a stick in the corner by the fireplace, but maybe you wouldn't care to use it. Well, I dessay she won't ventur' back—not for a minute or two—and what I got to say is soon said. Look'ee here, m'm," he continued, beckoning to Ida to approach and lowering his voice; "I told you a while ago as I knowd Mr. John were innocent o' that there murder. 'Well,' says you, as was only nateral, 'if he didn't do it, who did?' 'Ah,' says I, 'I has my reasons for keepin' o' that dark.' Good reasons, too; though they don't amount to nothin' now. I'm a-goin' to my account—so parson tells me—and 'repentance,' says he, 'can't never come too late.' Not as I more'n half believe un; 'tis what he's bound to say, d'you see? but 'taint sense nor yet reason."

"It *is* sense and reason," returned Ida, in an agony of impatience; "surely you can understand that if you die without doing justice to an innocent man whose innocence it is in your power to prove, the last act of your life will be a deliberate sin! What other sins you may have committed I don't know, but you can't hope that they will be forgiven unless you try to make some sort of atonement for all the misery that your silence has caused."

"'Twas 'ard on poor Mr. John, I'll allow," agreed the man; "but I can't make no atonement to he, nor I didn't accuse him neither, and as for others, I don't know so much about *their* misery. Well, least said soonest mended. 'Twas me as done that there job, m'm."

Ida recoiled, half in horror, half in relief. "You killed your master!" she ejaculated—for, somehow or other, she had never imagined that Barton could be himself the murderer. "What for?—what had he ever done to you?"

"Give me the sack, that's all," returned the man, sullenly; "turned me adrift to beg my bread. And what had I ever done to he?—that's what I want to know. Perkisits there may ha' been—I don't say to the contrary—but I worn't the on'y one as claimed perkisits; and to call a man a thief and put him out

of house and home for a thing like that!—well, Mr. Leonard Fraser he worn't no gentleman, that's the long and short of it. Friend o' yourn I b'lieve, m'm, and played the fiddle as well as most, I make no doubt; but he worn't no gentleman."

"Was that a reason for taking his life?"

"Maybe not; but if a man puts a pistol to my head I've a right to kill him, and that's what Mr. Fraser done to me. Starvation—'twasn't nothin' less than that as he threatened me with. So, thinks I to myself, there's more lives depends on mine nor what there does on yourn, and I makes up my mind to do for un. I knowd where he was goin' that evenin', I knowd which way he was bound to come back, and I waited for un and choked the life out of un easy enough. He was a poor, weakly critter, to be sure! Well, things fell out uncommon fortunate for me. 'Twasn't likely as I should be suspected, seein' as nobody but Mr. Fraser himself knowd how he'd served me; but 'twas a bit o' luck as he should ha' had that tussle with Mr. John afore. Seemed a'most providential, as parson'd say."

Ida might have been more shocked by Barton's callousness if she had been less desperately eager to obtain some proof of the truth of his statement and less sensible of the danger of losing time. "You will have to put this in writing," said she; "nobody will believe the story if you don't."

"I've thought o' that, m'm," the man replied; "you'll find the paper under the pillar there, with the signatur' duly witnessed by the doctor and the parson—which I told 'em 'twas my will, and they didn't see nowt else but me signin' o' my name."

And when Ida had possessed herself of the precious document and had hastily run her eye over it, he implored her not to divulge its contents to any one until he should have breathed his last. "I don't know but what they might drag me out o' my bed and string me up even now, d'ye see, m'm," he whispered.

To a man in his state it seemed safe to grant that concession, and Ida did not

refuse it. She begged him to confess all to the vicar, whom she offered to go and fetch; but this he would not hear of, declaring that it would give him no comfort to do so, that he did not "hold with" the doctrine of priestly absolution in any shape or form, and that he now only wished to be left to die in peace. He added, "I aint injured nobody as I knows on, without 'twas the man as wanted to do me a injury, for 'twasn't me as got Mr. John into trouble. If there's one as did ought to make a clean breast of it to parson, I should say 'twas Mr. Wilfrid."

In this latter expression of opinion Ida was quite disposed to concur. Finding that she could do nothing with the half-repentant sinner, and being at length pointedly requested by him to go away, she left him and returned home, where she spent the best part of the night in pondering over his written statement and its probable consequences.

Before she had finished dressing, the next morning, a messenger came to tell her that Barton was dead.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A FAMILY CONFERENCE.

IDA, having disposed of her breakfast with such an appetite as excitement and agitation had left her, perused Barton's confession for about the twentieth time. Though ungrammatical, ill-spelt, and eccentrically punctuated, it was perfectly clear and coherent. It set forth in plain terms the motive of the crime; it contained a terse description of the encounter which had brought about Leonard Fraser's death; and it terminated with a phrase which seemed likely to prove disagreeable reading to certain persons:—"Them as have not come forward to clear Mr. John Chaine is worse nor me, because it were not to save their necks as they let him suffer for what he never done."

Perhaps so; but what was still unexplained, and apparently inexplicable, was the fact of John's flight from the country. Ida, with her woman's wit, divined

that Wilfrid could explain this, if he chose. It was by John's flight that Wilfrid had profited, and it behooved her to lose no time in putting herself in communication with him, and she accordingly dispatched the following note:—

"DEAR WILFRID:—I wish to speak to you about a matter of very great importance both to you and to me. As it is one with regard to which I think I ought to take immediate steps, I hope you will be able to call here in the course of the day. I shall be at home the whole afternoon, and perhaps you will kindly send me a word of reply by the bearer.

"Yours very sincerely,

"IDA CHAINE."

Her messenger returned within an hour, bringing the verbal answer: "Mr. Chaine's compliments, and he would be at the White House between three and four o'clock."

This was, so far, satisfactory; but it left Ida with a good many hours of suspense and impatience upon her hands. However, she got through the time somehow or other, and exactly as the clock struck three she was relieved by the ringing of the door-bell.

"Now," thought she to herself, "I shall hear the truth at last. He will be obliged to tell me the truth, because no lie can serve him when he is confronted with this paper."

If she had kept her head as cool as it ought to have been, she would not have forgotten to give instructions to the effect that she would only be at home that day to one individual. The result of this negligence on her part was that, when the door was thrown open and "Mr. Chaine" was announced, she had the vexation of beholding Hubert, not Wilfrid, walk into the room. It was unfortunate; but there was no help for it, and she tried to look pleased as she rose to receive her visitor.

It was only when she realized that there was no immediate prospect of his taking himself off, she made up her mind to say, "I expect your brother Wilfrid presently. I sent for him because I

have something to tell him which you also must hear of before long, and perhaps you had better hear it now."

She then briefly related the story of her husband's innocence and Barton's guilt, whereby Hubert was greatly moved. "Poor old John!" he exclaimed. "I never believed that he had killed that fellow, you know; I always felt sure that the truth would come out some day; and now it has come out—and it's too late! What an infamous shame!"

"Yes," answered Ida, slowly, "it is an infamous shame—if anybody is to blame for it. Of course Barton was to blame; still it is a good deal to expect of a rough, half-educated man like that, that he should put his own neck in a noose to divert suspicion from one who had already escaped. Perhaps there may be some refined and educated people who are capable of acting quite as cruelly with less temptation."

Hubert's eyes met hers. He understood her meaning, and his color came and went rapidly.

"For God's sake," he pleaded, in a low, horror-struck voice, "don't let us allow ourselves to think such things until we know a little more! You may not like Wilfrid, and I daresay he is rather a selfish sort of beggar in some ways, but it doesn't follow that he is the very worst rascal that ever lived. And that's just about what he would be if he had had any hand in this business. No, no! you may depend upon it that he would never do a thing like that! Besides, when you come to consider of it, how *could* he? The extraordinary part of it all is that John should have put himself in the wrong by bolting. Wilfrid could hardly have persuaded him to do that."

"I don't know; somebody must have persuaded him that he was a murderer," said Ida; "that is the only possible explanation of his conduct."

Hubert thought it quite conceivable that John might have wandered out later in the night, have come upon the dead body, and concluded in a moment of panic that what he saw was the work of his own hands. He was beginning to suggest this alternative explanation when

his lips were suddenly closed by the entrance of his elder brother.

Wilfrid stepped forward, smiling and unconcerned, for he had no inkling of what was in store for him. He had placed a mistaken interpretation upon his sister-in-law's missive, having hastily assumed that the announcement which she wished to make to him was that of her engagement to Arthur Mayne. Ida, almost before he had time to seat himself, told him why he had been summoned.

"I have some news to give you that is both good and bad," said she. "It is good because poor John can now be proved innocent of the crime that he was made to suffer so terribly for; but it is bad because he is dead and we can never make amends for the wrong that we did him. It was Barton, the gamekeeper, who killed Mr. Fraser. He died this morning after having made a full confession to me."

Wilfrid's face expressed nothing except the sorrow and consternation which such intelligence was of a nature to arouse. Happily both his father and his brother were dead and buried, so that it really did not very much matter. He requested particulars, perused carefully the document which Ida handed to him, and, as he returned it to her, remarked, with a sigh:

"I suppose we must accept this as being a true statement. Whether we shall do any good by making it public or not I hardly know."

"It shall be made public, I'll take my oath of that," broke in Hubert, abruptly.

Wilfrid turned his head toward the speaker, smiling in a surprised and slightly disdainful fashion. "Oh! well, if you think so," said he, "there is no reason why it shouldn't be made public; only, of course, we know that instances of self-accusation are not uncommon, and it may be doubted whether this unfortunate man was in his sober senses when he claimed to have murdered his master."

"That is as much as to say that you don't care whether your brother is remembered as a murderer or as a victim,"

cried Ida, losing control over herself. "Perhaps that doesn't signify to you, though it signifies a great deal to me; perhaps—in fact, I can well believe it—you would rather not be called upon to explain how it was that he fled to America when you must have known, even if he did not, that there was no case against him."

"That's straight enough, at all events," muttered Hubert, who was scrutinizing his brother with mingled curiosity and apprehension.

Wilfrid had turned a shade paler; but that was only natural, and he did not look like a guilty man as he answered, in a tone of grave remonstrance, "My dear Ida, you are excited, and I am sure you cannot realize the meaning of what you say. If, as you assert, I had known that there was no case against poor John, I should never have allowed him to leave the country, but unfortunately there was a case—a very strong case. Now that all is over, I may tell you (though perhaps it would be more prudent on my part to hold my tongue) what I did not choose to reveal at the inquest. You may remember that I saw you for a few minutes that evening, and that I told you John had drunk too much wine and had had a scuffle with Fraser. That was perfectly true, and that was what I said in answer to the questions put to me at the inquest, but I didn't say that, after I had left you and was walking home, I was horrified by stumbling over poor Fraser's corpse. I acted, as it seemed to me, for the best; I hurried back and told John what I had seen; the shock brought him to his senses; he declared at once that he must run for his life, and I hadn't the heart to dissuade him. You may say that I ought to have dissuaded him and that his innocence would have been established if I had; but I can't feel certain of that even now."

"Then it *was* by your advice that he ran away," said Ida. "I thought as much."

"No, not by my advice, only with my assent. You must remember that I did not really know what took place during that short tussle. I thought at the time

that it was simply a matter of a blow given and returned, but John stooped or fell over the man after he was down, and I could not have sworn that he didn't choke him. Moreover, the proceedings at the inquest were published in all the newspapers. John must have seen those newspapers, and if he never laid hands on Fraser's throat, why didn't he come forward and say so?"

Hubert drew his breath in, with an air of profound relief.

"There it is, you see," he remarked, addressing himself to Ida; "the poor old chap must have imagined that he was guilty, and upon my word, I don't think Wilfrid could have acted otherwise than as he did."

"I can't understand," answered Ida, stubbornly, "how it could be possible for any one to imagine that he had strangled another man unless he had really done so."

"Or attempted to do so," observed Wilfrid. "The mystery, I am afraid, can never be cleared up now; but your difficulty is likely to be the one which will suggest itself to most people. That is why I ventured to doubt the advisability of making this curious confession public. At the same time, we ought, I feel, to be guided by your wishes in the matter."

"My wish and my intention is to do my duty," returned Ida, coldly. "Nothing could possibly justify us in keeping Barton's statement secret; and it is so evidently true that I think it will be generally believed—even though you may do your best to throw discredit upon it."

"Oh! come! that's hardly fair, Ida," remonstrated Hubert, who was all the more ready to take his brother's part because he was guiltily conscious of having harbored unworthy suspicion of him.

Ida could say no more. She was aware that she had brought an accusation against Wilfrid which it was out of her power to substantiate; but she made no apology, nor did he care to demand one. The two brothers presently went away together, taking with them the document to which it was agreed that publicity

should be given through the medium of the press, and Ida was left to reflect upon the change brought about in her personal situation by the gamekeeper's tardy avowal.

Not much time for reflection was granted to her; for Wilfrid and Hubert had hardly been gone five minutes when another visitor was ushered into her presence. She had not expected to see Arthur Mayne that day; but there he was, and he had a look of joyous confidence in his eyes; and so, hardly knowing what she was saying, she exclaimed:

"Oh! I am so glad you have come! Such a wonderful thing has happened!—the murderer has confessed, and it can be proved now that John was condemned unjustly."

Arthur, as has already been said, felt little sympathy with the scruples by which she had hitherto been restrained; but he was ready enough to take advantage of their removal, and as soon as he had listened to her narrative, he hastened to draw a practical conclusion from it.

"Then," said he, eagerly, "there is no longer anything to keep us apart."

Ida made no reply; but she looked up at him half timidly, half hopefully, and a minute later he knew all that there was any necessity for him to know.

"We are not going to worry ourselves about the past," said he, decisively, in answer to certain incoherent protestations of hers; "we are going to put it out of sight, and live for the present and the future, like sensible people. I have told you before, and I tell you again, that the past is nothing to me. Why should I care, now that I know from your own lips that you have always loved me?"

"Yes; that is true, God knows!" acquiesced Ida; "but perhaps I ought not to have loved you all along; and at any rate I love you too much to bring disgrace upon you. I will never marry you until it has been acknowledged everywhere that my husband did not commit the crime which he was supposed to have committed."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

VIOLET YIELDS A POINT OR TWO.

WILFRID CHAINE was not much disquieted by the news which it had now become his plain duty to promulgate; and within forty-eight hours every inhabitant of the United Kingdom who knew how to read had an opportunity of perusing Barton's dying confession.

This, as may be supposed, caused no small sensation, several of the London daily papers devoting leading articles to the subject, and none of them failing to draw attention to the singular circumstance that the late Mr. John Chaine had done everything in his power to brand himself with the crime of which he had until now been presumed guilty.

"If," observed one of those sapient scribes whose mission it is to express in print the sentiments of an inarticulate public, "we are to accept as authentic the statement which we have quoted elsewhere—and the *bona fides* of the deponent appears to be guaranteed—we can only assume that the unfortunate gentleman, whose death in one of the Western States of America was reported some time back, was the victim of an extraordinary hallucination. It is possible, upon that assumption, to pity him; it is possible, and, indeed, only natural, to sympathize with his relatives; but it is not possible to affirm that, if a miscarriage of justice which was only averted by the incapacity of the police had actually taken place, any one would have been to blame for it except Mr. John Chaine himself."

"My dear," the Dean said to his daughter, "I cannot tell you what a relief this is to me. I have not, as you know, liked to speak much or often to you about poor John; I have felt that I could say little which would not give you pain. But now, thank God! we can talk of him freely; we can think of him as one to whom the injustice of this present world has now been amply atoned for, and you can consecrate the remainder of your life to his memory, looking forward to a happy and eternal reunion with him hereafter."

It was in the Dean's study that the above beautiful and elevated sentiments were enunciated. Ida was paying him one of her periodical visits, and as the good man sat beside his writing-table, with his chair slightly pushed from it, with one muscular leg crossed over the other, and his large white hands folded, he looked the very incarnation of honest piety and benevolence. His daughter, it must be confessed, did not look like that at all; she had, to tell the truth, the appearance of being provoked, impatient, and rather disgusted. Her reply, however, betrayed no unbecoming or undutiful warmth.

"Of course," said she, "I am very glad and very thankful that John should have been shown to be innocent of Mr. Fraser's death; as for my being eternally reunited to him, there is some doubt about that, is there not? Nobody knows what Heaven means; but I thought one of the few things we had been told with regard to a future state was that there will be no marrying or giving in marriage there. I mean if there were, the position of those who have married twice, with the sanction of the law and the Church, would be a little uncomfortable."

The Dean's brow clouded over. "The subject is a difficult one, and ought not to be lightly treated," said he. "Human nature being what it is, second marriages cannot be condemned, and may, in certain cases, be even pronounced expedient; but I do not think that yours is such a case, my dear. No; yours is assuredly not one of those cases, and it would grieve me very much to hear that you were allowing your thoughts to turn in that direction."

She really could not tell him that she was, although she had at first had some intention of so doing. She felt that he had a right to know, but she had not after all given any distinct promise to Arthur Mayne as yet.

Now, it came to pass that, after she had emerged from the cathedral precincts and was walking down the High Street, she heard herself hailed by name, and, turning round, became aware of a young

lady, seated in a high dog-cart, who presently drew up alongside of her.

"I was on my way to your place," Violet said. "Are you going home?—and can I give you a lift?"

"Well—thank you," answered Ida, glancing doubtfully at the vehicle and at the raw-boned animal in the shafts. "I was thinking of walking; but I don't mind a drive, if it is safe. That huge creature won't run away, will it?"

"That he most certainly won't," replied Violet, laughing. "He is Wick's old stager. Jump up; I'll give you a hand."

Ida, after another moment of hesitation, complied; and the winding, narrow streets were soon left behind and the open country reached.

"Does Mrs. Stanton like you to go out quite alone like this?" she could not help asking.

"I don't think she approves of dog-carts," Violet confessed; "but then she doesn't know that I am in a dog-cart at this moment; so she won't be uneasy. I sometimes deceive her—it saves such a lot of worry, you see—but I never do anything really dangerous."

"I wasn't thinking so much of the danger as of the impropriety," remarked Ida. "I am no great believer in the rights that women are so fond of claiming for themselves nowadays, and I don't think that we consult our own interests by attempting to do all the things that men do; but I do think that the right of choosing our own husbands ought to belong to us. And, as a matter of fact, it does, provided that we have the courage to insist upon it."

"Ah! yes; but that requires a lot of courage—more than I possess, I am afraid. I can defy my mother; but I am not sure that I can defy poverty, or that there would be anything to brag about in it if I could. The great difference between men and us is that we don't mind submitting to small daily privations for the sake of those whom we love, and that they do. It isn't their fault; they are constituted like that. So it wouldn't be fair to call me selfish for refusing to engage myself to a man who is too poor

to marry; I don't fear poverty for myself half as much as I do for him. Perhaps you might find some opportunity of telling him that."

"Wouldn't it be more convincing if you were to tell him yourself?"

"No; because he could only make one answer, and I have placed myself under his heel by admitting that I love him and that, if I don't marry him I shall never marry at all. I have thought it all out, and it is perfectly clear to me that I mustn't bind him down in any sort of way. Of course one knows what will happen—he will be disconsolate for a week or two and angry for another week or two, and then he will gradually become resigned, that is what always does happen. Only I should be glad if you could make him understand that I am not altogether given over to the worship of filthy lucre."

Ida had a good deal to say in reply. A full report of the prolonged debate which ensued would scarcely interest the reader, but the upshot of it was to leave matters very much where they had been at the outset.

"I will answer for it that Hubert will remain true to you as long as you remain true to him," was Ida's parting comment when Violet set her down at her own door.

Violet had mentioned that she sometimes deceived her mother, and, so far as riding and driving were concerned, she was, for the reason that she had given, not above doing so, but she was too honest and too proud to consent to any clandestine assignments with a man whose visits Mrs. Stanton had forbidden and whom she herself was fain to acknowledge as an impossible *fiancé*. Therefore, notwithstanding Ida's unscrupulous suggestions, she took some trouble to avoid crossing his path, and how could she help it if he chose to follow the hounds, like so many other people? So at length a day came when, finding herself close beside him on the edge of a covert, and perceiving that he was looking at her in a sidelong, questioning way from beneath his eyelids, she thought it best to take the bull by the horns and say something to him.

"Fine scenting morning," was the striking and original remark which recommended itself to her.

Hubert murmured some perfunctory rejoinder and looked more interrogative than ever. Several other members of the hunt were within earshot, so that she could not at once reply to his unspoken query, but in the course of the next few minutes she found an opportunity of saying, in a hurried undertone:

"Oh! no; you needn't look the other way when we meet; we haven't quarreled and it would be absurd to behave as if we had. The only thing is that we must not *try* to meet."

"But must we try *not* to meet?" asked Hubert, his face brightening.

"Well—yes, I suppose so," she answered, with a slight laugh. "The hunting-field hardly counts, one has something better to do than to talk when one is out hunting."

At this moment a whimper was heard, which caused Violet to gather up her reins and trot off toward the corner of the covert. Immediately afterward the fox had broken, the hounds were in full cry, and Hubert, on the alert, found himself gaining rapidly upon the few who were ahead of him.

Prominent amongst these was Violet, sailing easily along, and (as the admiring hussar did not fail to note) sticking closer to her saddle than many a man would have done. "That's a game little animal of hers," Hubert muttered; "but I'll be hanged if he looks like a comfortable one to sit! I wonder whether he always jumps as big as that."

Violet would have told him that the point criticised was really one of Bob's chief merits. His habit of jumping like a buck was not, to be sure, quite comfortable for his rider; but she was accustomed to it, and it made him very safe. Moreover, Southshire is a country of banks, rather than of fences and brooks. Nevertheless, there were some fences to be negotiated just now; at that very moment a big and black one was before her, at the sight of which Bob was cocking his ears. It really

looked almost too much for the little horse to manage; but he took it splendidly, arching up his back, tucking his legs under him and never so much as touching a twig. Alas! in that moment of triumph a very sad thing occurred. Violet, as has been said, sat tight; but no human being could have helped being moved a little forward by that tremendous jerk. She was thrown against the pommel; the pommel broke off short, and—Miss Stanton left.

She landed comfortably on her hands and knees, and was not a bit hurt; Bob, though naturally perplexed by a catastrophe which nothing in his previous experience of his mistress could have led him to expect, threw himself back upon his haunches and stood gazing at her with an air of surprised inquiry; she was perfectly capable of remounting without assistance and would have done so, had she not suddenly become aware of an officious person who seemed to think that he had caught her horse for her.

"I'm all right, thanks," said she, rather impatiently; "I wish you hadn't stopped! This is what comes of buying cheap saddles."

Hubert Chaine had picked up the broken pommel and was shaking his head over it. "No thanks to the scamp who made this thing that you didn't break your neck," he remarked. "Just look at it!—that's no more made of iron than you are." Then, as she had already twisted her fingers into Bob's mane and apparently expected to be given a leg up, he added, decisively, "Oh! you can't follow the hounds any more to-day, you know; it's out of the question. I'll see you safe home; but we mustn't go out of a walk. You might as well attempt to ride bare-backed as in that saddle."

There was, at all events, little likelihood of her seeing any more of the run after such a loss of precious time. Perhaps she may have been influenced by that reflection, or perhaps (for there is no accounting for the queer inconsistencies of women) she may have rather liked being addressed in dictatorial ac-

cents to which she was quite unaccustomed. However that may have been, she sighed and answered humbly: "Very well; I'll go home, then. But it isn't in the least necessary for you to come with me."

Hubert briefly declared that he intended doing so. And it was not until he had helped Violet to mount once more, and they had turned their horses' heads toward St. Albyn's that he condescended to explain his behavior.

"I'm only doing this out of a sense of duty to Mrs. Stanton," said he, gravely. "She may not wish me to speak to you, and I dare say she doesn't; but I am sure she would wish any man who happened to be at hand to take care of you, now that you have met with an accident which makes it quite unsafe for you to be left alone. Of course, I won't speak unless you give me leave; but, if I might be allowed, I should like just to ask one question. Does your mother think you ought to go out hunting without any—er—"

"Without any chaperon? No, she doesn't. Since you must have the whole truth, I am always supposed to be chaperoned by somebody, and there generally is somebody. To-day, I admit, there was nobody; so you are at liberty to be shocked, though there isn't really anything to be shocked at. I can see by your face that there would be very little liberty for me, if—"

"Oh! but then I should go with you, don't you see," interrupted Hubert, eagerly; "it isn't the impropriety that I mind, it's the risk. Suppose you were to have a nasty fall some day?"

"Well, then I presume that somebody would be humane enough to have me carried on a hurdle to the nearest public house. Even you could do no more than that."

Hubert pointed out that more certainly could be done and would be done by any one who possessed the requisite privileges. He was proceeding to enlarge upon the theme that he did, after all, possess certain privileges, although they had not been formally granted, when she, in her turn, interrupted him.

"It is useless to talk like that!" she exclaimed. "I am not engaged to you, and I thought you understood that I had distinctly refused to be."

"But you do love me, Violet—you said you did."

"Yes, I know; and most likely I oughtn't to have said so. What I ought to say is that I can't consent to treat you as anything except an ordinary acquaintance."

However, she did not say this: possibly she may have felt that that, too, would be a useless way of talking. She had, in fact, little to urge in opposition to the pleas which he put forward. He spoke very moderately and sensibly; he expressed his willingness to submit to any decision of hers, only asking her to believe that, whether he was held at arm's length or not, his feelings would undergo no change; but at the same time he ventured to remind her that it was not a matter of absolute impossibility for them to marry even upon what he had, while it might be regarded as certain that his income would increase as he grew older. Mrs. Stanton's veto was an obstacle no doubt; but surely there were occasions on which a daughter was entitled to disregard her mother's veto.

"This isn't you, it is Mrs. Chaine," observed Violet, at last, when she was driven to bay. "I can recognize her style, as styles go, and very likely I myself might excel in it if I were as well-off as she is. What would you and she have me do? Am I to tell my mother that I am determined to marry you upon twopence a year—or is it only a kind of half-and-half engagement that you want?"

"Oh! it's nothing half-and-half that I want," answered the young man, laughing. "I can't speak for Ida, and I wasn't speaking for her; but I know well enough what my own wishes are."

These he was so good as to formulate, and Violet was able, without much difficulty, to show him how completely inadmissible they were. On the other hand, she was persuaded, after a long and animated parley, to make certain further concessions.

"I wouldn't think of suggesting that

you should deceive your mother in any way," Hubert declared, virtuously: "but if you tell her point-blank that we can't get on without meeting occasionally, I don't see what right she will have to complain."

That Violet should have tacitly acquiesced in this remarkably limited definition of a parent's rights was perhaps sufficient proof of her readiness to acquiesce in anything and everything that he might be pleased to dictate; but he did not push his advantage too far, being indeed quite contented for the present with a success which had surpassed his most sanguine anticipations.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE ST. ALEYN'S DIVISION.

MRS. STANTON passed for being a silly woman, and had perhaps earned her reputation; but everybody must have noticed how surprisingly clever silly women often show themselves when placed in dilemmas which are apt to prove disconcerting to the other sex. Probably it was intuition rather than any process of close reasoning which prompted her to give way when her daughter, as in duty bound, flung something like a defiance in her face, saying:

"I can't cut him; that is certain. There is no engagement, of course, and most likely there never will be one; still he knows that I would marry him tomorrow if only he had a little more money, and I am not going to treat him as if he had insulted me because he happens to be poor."

Several weeks passed away, during which this semi-detached pair of lovers met every now and again.

Ida did what she could toward keeping up the spirits of her two young friends and confidants. Both of them visited her constantly, and each found in her a sympathetic listener; for, as Arthur Mayne had now returned to London, she had leisure to devote her whole attention to their joint and several perplexities. What she hoped to obtain in the long run, though she was too sagacious to urge it at the outset, was Violet's consent to a period of comparative poverty. Being

herself no longer poor, she felt convinced that poverty is not in the least incompatible with happiness, and her belief was that the girl would eventually come to feel as she did.

One thing Ida was not aware of, and would not have been much disturbed if she had been aware of—namely, that Wilfrid was at this time prosecuting his suit with no little assiduity. It was not under her roof that Wilfrid's attentions to Miss Stantion were paid, for ever since the announcement of Barton's confession there had been a decided coolness between her and her brother-in-law which neither of them had cared to conceal or dispel; but it was no uncommon event for the owner of Chaine Court to fall in with Violet when she was on her way homewards from the White House, and on such occasions he did not fail to make the most of his opportunity. The girl neither encouraged nor discouraged him. She understood, of course, that he was making love to her; but she cared so little about him that she did not think it worth while to meet his advances with a downright rebuff. Plenty of men had made love to her before him; she attached very little weight to masculine fancies; it may be also that she had to some extent taken his measure and surmised that a refusal would not leave him inconsolable.

The curious thing is that that surmise, notwithstanding its plausibility, was incorrect. Whether it was Violet's good-humored indifference or her personal beauty or that something which never can be defined that worked Wilfrid up by degrees to the pitch of falling genuinely and deeply in love signifies little; all that can be said is that this phenomenon actually occurred and that no one could have deplored its occurrence more sincerely than its victim.

He was always on his best behavior; anxious to please her, and he knew how to be pleasing. Violet was always glad to see him; as his visits became more frequent, she grew accustomed to seeing him, and even missed him when anything occurred to prevent his turning up as usual.

One evening he dropped in at the ac-

customed hour, with an air of suppressed excitement which she at once noticed and of which the cause was speedily revealed to her.

"Did you see that old Marston is dead?" he asked, while she was handing him his tea-cup.

"No," she answered; "I never look at the papers. It may be a very disgraceful confession to make; but the truth is, I didn't know old Marston had ever been alive."

Mrs. Stanton was better informed. "My dear," she exclaimed, reprovingly, "you are not thinking of what you are saying! Of course you know that Mr. Marston was our member. I did see this morning that he had suddenly dropped down dead from heart disease. Very shocking, and most distressing for his family, poor things! Still, as he was a Radical—but then I'm sure I don't know whether we have any chance of getting back the seat. What do you think, Mr. Chaine?"

Mr. Chaine thought that, if a strong candidate could be found, there might be a very good chance indeed. He enlarged at some length upon the political situation. Southshire had always been a Conservative county and had for many years returned a staunch Tory as one of its representatives in the person of his late father; but his father had retired; then had come the redistribution of seats, the enfranchisement of the agricultural laborer and other local disturbing causes which had resulted in the election of a Gladstonian. There was, however, reason to believe that the St. Albyn's division was already repentant; Mr. Marston had not been popular; the Unionist party had devoted a good deal of time and trouble to the task of organization, and the only question seemed to be whether a man of adequate talent and position in the county could be induced to come forward.

To such a remark as that there was obviously but one answer to be made, and Mrs. Stanton made it with as much smiling alacrity as if it had been an entirely original and unsolicited suggestion of her own.

"Oh! I don't know," rejoined Wilfrid, not ill-pleased, though he affected an air of indifference; "there are plenty of older and more experienced men in the county than I, and of course no overtures have been made to me as yet. If it were represented to one as a matter of duty, I suppose one would have to stand; but contested elections are a great bore, beside being a great expense, and I should want some rather strong inducement to persuade me to face the nuisance of the whole thing." He added, with a side glance at Violet, "Is it worth any man's while to be ambitious on his own account, when he has nobody to be ambitious for him?"

"Oh! we are all ambitious on your behalf," she replied, laughing; "we should be quite proud of you as an acquaintance if you got into Parliament and made speeches. Of course, you would have to make speeches, because a mute M.P., like Sir Harvey Amherst, reflects no credit upon his county; but then you would be sure to make speeches—and good ones."

Wilfrid was aware that the girl was indulging in that kind of irony which becomes so feeble a weapon in a woman's hands; but he also thought (and indeed he was not far wrong) that when a woman attempts to be ironical, it is because she wishes to conceal her true feelings. Therefore, after a little further conversation, he went away tolerably happy, as well as tolerably convinced that Miss Stanton coveted for him the political success which he had always coveted for himself. Now, it was only reasonable to assume that if she desired him to succeed in any respect, she must be interested in him, and if she was interested in him—well, the chances were that she was not too much interested in that ridiculous young brother of his. As he was on his way toward the livery-stables where he had left his dog-cart, whom should he meet, ambling up the High Street, but the Dean of St. Albyn's; and the Dean stopped him for the express purpose of asking whether he had heard of poor Mr. Marston's demise.

"Everybody is saying," that ex-

emplary ecclesiastic remarked, "that you are to be our new member. Of course, in my position, it would be improper to show any partisanship; still a man cannot help holding his own views with regard to politics, and I trust there is no harm in my expressing a hope that the rumor which has reached me is correct."

"I really know nothing at all about it," answered Wilfrid; "no steps can possibly be taken until after the funeral, and not a word has been said to me upon the subject as yet. I don't say that I should refuse to present myself as a candidate if it could be shown to me that a majority of the electors wished me to do so; but that is rather doubtful, isn't it?"

The Dean was of opinion that there could be very little doubt about that. While disclaiming any special information or means of obtaining it, he said that he had been much struck by the unanimity with which those whom he had chanced to encounter in the course of the day had named Mr. Wilfrid Chaine as the inevitable successor of the deceased member, and he made so bold as to add that, in his poor judgment, Mr. Wilfrid Chaine would neglect what was at once an opportunity and a duty, were he to refuse this chance of serving a cause to which his good father had devoted the greater part of an active and useful life.

Now, Dean Pemberton was a cautious man and one who had ever been averse to committing himself without good reason for so doing; nor was he the only person who addressed Wilfrid in encouraging terms before he left St. Albyn's that afternoon. In short, it was abundantly evident that, should he decide to come forward, he would not lack supporters, and during the next few days informal representations to that effect reached him from various quarters. If he did not attend the funeral obsequies of the late Mr. Marston nor lay a wreath upon the coffin, it was not from any want of gratitude to that misguided politician for having died so opportunely, but only because he feared a possible misconstruction of his motives on the part of the ill-informed. To tell the truth, he had at one time rather thought of being a Liberal Union-

ist; but he was now quite sure that he had better be a Tory, and it was in that character that he ultimately issued his address to the electors.

Of these a large and influential body at once determined to call together a public meeting, at which it was hoped that Mr. Chaine would be pleased to expound his views orally and at greater length. A building known as the Hall of Recreation was secured for this purpose; a platform was erected at one end of it for the accommodation of the speakers and their friends; and opinion, at least within the confines of the cathedral city, being so little divided, it was deemed unnecessary to take precautions against unseemly disturbances.

"I think we ought to go and hear him," Ida said to Violet on the day previous to that fixed for the meeting.

As a matter of fact, his oratory was not of a description to enlighten even those whom it was designed to impress by its candor and straightforwardness. He spoke easily and fluently, but he confined himself almost entirely to stock phrases, avoiding matters of controversy with a circumspection which was in one sense adroit, but which would hardly have served his purpose had he been called upon to deal with a more critical assemblage. His auditors, however, were very kind to him; he was loudly applauded when he declared that his politics might be summed up in the words "Peace at home and abroad," and added an assurance of his firm conviction that these blessings could only be guaranteed to the nation by a strong government; he was getting on quite nicely and had elicited murmurs of approbation by some graceful allusions to the services rendered by his beloved and lamented father, when somebody called out, in a stentorian voice from the far end of the hall: "What about your beloved and lamented brother, eh? You done your best to bring him to the gallows, anyhow!"

At this there was a general stir and hum of voices, followed by cries of "Turn him out!" But Wilfrid lost neither his temper nor his presence of mind.

"I hope," said he, calmly, as soon as he could obtain a hearing, "that nobody will be turned out. The object of this meeting, I take it, is to ascertain whether I am a fit and proper person to solicit your suffrages, and, were I guilty of the abominable conduct imputed to me, I most certainly should not be such a person. Therefore, however painful it may be to me to listen to an accusation of that kind, I will not dispute its relevancy, nor will I shrink from dealing with it."

Of course it was easily dealt with. He was able to show that he had done all that an honest man could do toward supporting the hypothesis of his poor brother's innocence; he confessed, "with bitter regret," that he had scarcely believed himself in that hypothesis, and he did not deny that he had rejoiced at the escape of one who had been pronounced guilty by a jury. "It is unhappily true," said he, "that the cruelty of events has placed me in a pecuniary position which I should, most likely, never have occupied, had the murderer been detected in time. That thought will be a grief to me always; but I think I may confidently appeal to you all to say whether it is imaginable that one brother would deliberately endeavor to bring another to a shameful death in order that he might supplant him. Comparatively few of you in whose presence I now stand know me personally; time, I trust, will make us better acquainted, and to time I am content to leave your judgment upon me. Nevertheless, you will perhaps permit me to tell you that I am not capable of fratricide, and although I do not pretend to be more virtuous than my neighbors, I will venture to add that I have never consciously wronged any man."

The above temperate and dignified sentences were welcomed by prolonged cheers, the effect of which was only partially marred when the previous interrupter shouted out:

"How about the women, then? Aint you never wronged no woman, mister?"

Well, really that was exceeding all the limits of legitimate curiosity. After a short scuffle, the man was ejected and the

proceedings ended harmoniously. Probably, among all those who remained in the hall, the only one, except Wilfrid himself, who thought of ascribing any importance to the last insinuation leveled against the candidate was Ida Chaine, who made a mental note of it.

But Wilfrid, before going home, took some pains to ascertain who the author of the disturbance had been, and when he learned that this was a certain young fellow named Mould, the son of a market-gardener in the town, he looked grave.

"So you have been telling tales, have you, my good Jessie," he mused. "This won't do. You and your amiable relatives will have to be discreet; otherwise I shall be compelled, not only to disown you, but to cut off your allowance. You wouldn't like that, I suspect."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MOULD AND SON.

It was all very well for Wilfrid to say to himself that he had the whip-hand of Jessie Viccars, but there were practical difficulties in the way of communicating such a threat to her. He did not know her address, nor, if he had known it, would he have chosen to run the risk of writing her a letter; as for the allowance, he had, with some ingenuity, contrived that it should be paid in to her account anonymously every quarter, and had taken every possible precaution against discovery of the source whence it emanated. Therefore, after thinking things over, he came to the conclusion that the boldest as well as the wisest course would be to seek an interview with young Mould, who would probably be open to menace or cajolery. After all, two hundred pounds a year is two hundred pounds a year, and in that rank of life such a sum is usually held sufficient to cover a multitude of sins.

So, on the ensuing morning, a market-garden situated on the outskirts of the cathedral city was visited by a well-dressed gentleman, who inquired whether Mr. Mould's son was anywhere about the place, and, on hearing that he was, said he would be glad of a few words with

him. A big-limbed, slouching youth, whose features bore some rough resemblance to those which had once attracted Wilfrid's fancy, presently appeared, and, without going through the ceremony of touching his straw hat, said, gruffly:

"Want to speak to me, sir?"

"If you can spare me a minute or two," answered Wilfrid, with much affability. "It was you, I think, who did me the honor to interrupt me last night."

"Maybe 'twas. What then?"

"Only, my good man, that you made a slanderous insinuation, and that it does not suit me at the present moment to let slanderous insinuations pass unnoticed. Of course what you said about my unfortunate brother was of little consequence and could do me little or no harm; but a suggestion that I have wronged some woman or women might possibly cost me a certain number of votes; and that is why I should strongly advise you to refrain from suggestions of that kind in future."

"'Taint no slander," returned the young man, doggedly. "My sister, as you knows precious well—"

"Your sister?" interrupted Wilfrid. "Oh! yes; I remember her perfectly in old days. Didn't she marry some London tradesman?"

"Married a honest man and was took from him by a scoundrel—that's her story, sir. And though she won't mention no names, I've questioned her pretty 'ard, and I has my own notions—which she aint contradicted of 'em, not as she would if they'd been false."

"Dear me! And am I to understand that you accuse me of being that scoundrel? Really, my young friend, you are extremely flattering both to my morality and my good taste. Perhaps your sister is here, and perhaps, if she is, you will be good enough to produce her."

"She aint 'ere," replied the other, much to Wilfrid's relief; "she's up in London, livin' upon your money. That's about the truth, I reckon, and 'taint you as can keep me from tellin' of it when I've a mind to. Ah! you're a nice

beauty, you are! Why, I'd catch 'old of you and give you a jolly good 'iding for two pins!"

This vulgar and muscular youth looked very much as if he meant what he said, and there could be no doubt as to his ability to do what he threatened. Wilfrid, for his part, was a little puzzled. Indeed, it must be confessed that the threat of a thrashing is rather a puzzling sort of thing to deal with, unless you are prepared to respond by promptly thrashing the threatener, and the wisdom of that experiment seemed, for obvious reasons, doubtful.

"You appear to be under some misapprehension," he began; "I know nothing at all about your sister; I haven't seen her for years, and—"

"You're a liar!" broke in the irreconcilable young gardener, emphasizing this uncivil rejoinder with sundry adjectives which it is needless to record.

Fortunately, he was a loud-voiced as well as a quarrelsome youth, and not less fortunately, he had a father whose temper was mild, whose prudence was extreme, and who trotted out of one of the green-houses in alarm at the sound of an altercation. To this gray-headed, feeble-looking person Wilfrid turned willingly enough.

"Mr. Mould, I believe?" said he, blandly. "Your son here seems to stand rather in need of a little paternal correction."

"Now you just get back to your work, Tom," called out the old fellow, with a sternness which could hardly have been expected of him. "D'ye think I keep you 'ere and give you your board and lodgin' for to insult customers? You mind your own business and leave me to mind mine—else I'll know the reason why, I promise you!"

The young giant turned sulkily upon his heel and tramped off, muttering to himself as he went. It may be assumed that he did not as yet see his way to an independent career.

"I ask your pardon, sir," old Mr. Mould said, in deferential and respectful accents; "I'm grieved to think as you

should ha' been so spoke to; but that there boy of mine, he's too ready with his tongue—always was. As I tell him last night when he come 'ome and boasted o' what he'd done, 'You've behaved like a born fool, Tom,' I says; 'you aint no call to speak up to Mr. Chaine like that, nor yet you woz't do no good by it. If your sister got cause for complaint,' I says, 'she'll come forward with it at the right time and place. Don't you come puttin' of *your* oar in.'"

Wilfrid looked straight at his interlocutor and had at once the satisfaction of recognizing in him a brother knave. "Mr. Mould," answered he, very gently, "you strike me as being a sensible man. The matter does not concern me, except in so far that I should, of course, cease to employ you if you or any member of your family were to endanger my election by means of a false accusation. I believe we do at present employ you?"

Mr. Mould replied that such was the case, and expressed his humble gratitude for past favors. He went on to mention that he himself had always voted, and always should vote for a Conservative candidate; but he abstained somewhat markedly from saying whether he believed or disbelieved in the accusation which Wilfrid had declared to be false.

Wilfrid, as he wended his way homewards, said to himself, complacently:

"I shall not have much more trouble with Mould and Son, I fancy," while Mr. Mould took comfort from the reflection that frequent orders might be counted upon for the future.

Being thus reassured and fortified, Wilfrid heard without much dismay that the Gladstonians had got hold of a candidate for the vacant seat. Indeed, he was no very formidable opponent, this young Lord John Twistleton, of whom little was known, save that he was the third son of a marquis, that he was anxious to obtain a seat in Parliament, that he was not connected with the county, and that he was by no means well-off. Upon the face of it, it did not seem likely that he would require a great deal of beating.

[CONCLUDED IN FEBRUARY.]



TO THE GIRLS AND BOYS.

THE BABY'S PRAYER.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

"I CAN pray all alone by myself," he said—

The dear little chubby-faced curly-head;
And quickly he knelt by his mother's knee,

With his feet from his gown peeping
roguishly,

And his fat little hands placed palm to palm,

While our laughter hushed to a sudden calm,

And we motioned his frolicsome kitten away,

And held our breath to hear baby pray.

"Our Father who art in Heaven," said he,

"I know it, now don't you tell me a word—

Thy Kingdom come, an'—it will be done,"—

He paused, we waited, and no one stirred;

"Oh! give us to-day our baker's bread,
An'—an'—everything else that is good,"

he said;

"But I like sugar spread over *my* bread;
An' forgive us—now, what *is* the word

to say?

Well, it means the naughties we've done to-day,

An', mamma, I made poor pussy squall,
An' throwed in the street poor Frankie's ball.

Oh! yes, I know I must pray some more—

Now, what *was* the last that I said before?

I 'most forget," he murmured, and then
His dear eyes closed as he said "Amen."

WE have received several letters from our girls and boys asking about the way in which they are required to answer the history questions, and we hope now to make clear exactly how it should be done. All answers must be sent in before the end of the month after the magazine appears, thus the answers to the December questions should be sent in before the end of December. The answers must be written on one side of the paper only, and the paper must be one size. We have been obliged to mark as worthless some answers, merely because they were written on scraps of paper and impossible to read. Even brown paper will do if cut in the same-sized sheet. We want the questions answered clearly and fully, but not so long as to be a small history in themselves. A prize of one dollar a month will be given to the girl or boy whose answers for the month have been most satisfactory, and the ten-dollar prize to the one whose answers for the ten months are the best.

PRIZE WINNERS:

October—Sadie D. Rue, Bell Haven, Va.

November—Gertie E. Peckham, Leon, New York.

ANSWERS FOR THE FIRST TEN QUESTIONS.

1. Q. When and by whom was America discovered?

1. A. America, according to the traditions of the Scandinavians, was discovered in the year 1000. In 874 Iceland was discovered by accident and settled by the Norsemen. Later, a Norwegian navigator,

trying to reach that island, was driven by a storm to the southwest and there discovered the snowy headland, now known as Cape Farewell, the southern extremity of Greenland. No attempt to follow up this discovery was made for over a hundred years when Red Eric, compelled to fly from Iceland, came to Greenland and spent three years exploring the surrounding waters. Through his efforts the coast of Greenland was settled. In the year 1000 one of Red Eric's sons sailed to the southwest in search of new discoveries. He sighted what is now called Cape Cod and wintered in what he called "Vinland," supposed to be identical with parts of Rhode Island and Massachusetts. No permanent colony, however, was planted in Vinland, and after three centuries of prosperity the colonies in Greenland died out. With the unfortunate colonists all knowledge of Vinland was lost, except in Icelandic traditions and the western continent was re-discovered by Christopher Columbus, October 12th, 1492. The land was San Salvador, one of the Bahamas.

2. Q. What discoveries were made in 1497, 1498, 1499, 1501, and by whom were they made?

2. A. 1497, Newfoundland, discovered by John and Sebastian Cabot; 1498, Columbus discovers the mainland of South America; 1499, Amerigo Vespucci visits America; 1501, coast of America explored by Cortereal, a Portuguese.

3. Q. How did America receive its name?

3. A. Amerigo Vespucci, on his return to Europe wrote an account of his voyage, and falsely claimed to have reached the mainland before Columbus; his book was widely read and believed, and the New World called America in his honor.

4. Q. What discoveries were made between 1507 and 1541, and by whom were they made?

4. A. 1512, Florida discovered by Ponce de Leon. 1513, Pacific Ocean by Balboa. 1517, Mexico discovered by Francisco Fernandez. 1519, Cortez lands where Vera Cruz now stands. 1520, Magellan enters the Pacific by the Strait

of Magellan. 1524, Ferazzani explores the coast from North Carolina to Nova Scotia. 1534, Cartier discovers the Saint Lawrence. 1539, De Soto explores what is now Alabama and Georgia. 1541, De Soto discovers the Mississippi.

5. Q. Who made the first settlements in the New World, and what were they?

5. A. St. Augustine, the first permanent settlement; founded by the Spaniards under Melendez, in 1565; is the oldest town within the present limits of the United States. Port Royal, a colony founded, in 1562, on the coast, was unsuccessful, so was a similar attempt to plant a French colony in the northern region.

6. Q. How many expeditions did Raleigh make, and what were their effects?

6. A. Raleigh sent out three expeditions. The first 1584, an exploring expedition; the second 1585, under Grenville, to colonize Virginia; the third under White, 1587, for the same purpose; both failed.

7. Q. What were the London and Plymouth Companies, and what did they do?

7. A. The London and Plymouth Companies were two companies formed for the purpose of colonizing the English possessions in the New World. King James I, 1606, divided the whole territory from the mouth of the Cape Fear River to the eastern extremity of Maine, without any limit on the west between these two companies, giving the London Company jurisdiction over the southern portion, the Plymouth Company over the northern. The latter at once sent settlers to New England, but no permanent settlements were made, and the first permanent English settlement was made by the London Company in Virginia, at Jamestown, 1607.

8. Q. When, and by whom was Quebec founded?

8. A. 1607, by the French, under Champlain.

9. Q. What were the most important events in Captain John Smith's life?

9. A. John Smith's life was full of adventure. He ran away from home in his youth and helped the Dutch fight for

their freedom. Tiring of this, he deserted and went to France, then to Egypt. On one of his voyages he acted rudely to his fellow-passengers and they threw him overboard, and he escaped drowning only by swimming to a rocky island, where he stayed until a passing vessel took him off. He then fought against the Turks in Hungary, was taken prisoner and sold as a slave. He succeeded in killing his master, and escaped through Russia and made his way back to England, and joined Captain Newport who had command of the colony which was to settle Jamestown. After Newport's return to England, the colony would have perished had it not been for Smith's taking control and his wise management. He was taken prisoner by the Indians, who after keeping him in captivity for quite a time decided to put him to death, but at the prayer of the chief's daughter Pocahontas, whom Smith had made a pet of during his captivity, his life was spared, and he was allowed to return to Jamestown. In 1608, Smith set out on a voyage of discovery and explored Chesapeake Bay and several of the rivers that flow into it; 1614, he explored the New England coast.

10. Q. Where were the first Dutch settlements, and when were they founded?

10. A. 1609, Hendrik Hudson discovers the Hudson River. 1614, Dutch built a fort on Manhattan Island, this is the origin of the city of New York. 1615, the Dutch settle at Fort Orange (Albany). 1618, Dutch settle in New Jersey near the Hudson.

QUESTIONS FOR JANUARY.

31. When and where was the first battle in the Revolution fought, and what was its direct cause?

32. What was Paul Revere's ride, and who has written a celebrated poem about it?

33. What happened on May 10th?

34. What happened on May 31st and June 15th?

35. What battle was fought opposite Boston? When was it fought? What

was the respective loss to the armies, and why is it not called Breed's Hill?

36. In the year 1776, what are the dates March 17th and July 4th famous for?

37. What battles were fought on June 28th, August 27th, October 28th, December 26th, and which sides were victorious in each?

38. In 1777, what battles were fought on January 3d, July 6th, August 16th, September 11th, September 19th, October 4th, October 7th, and which side was victorious in each?

39. What occurred on October 17th and December 11th?

40. 1778, what treaty was signed February 6th? What occurred June 18th?

THE STORY OF MRS. RED-WING.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHUTE.

IT was in the early spring that Red-Wing and I mated and began looking out a place in which to try the experiment of nest-building. In the top of an old apple-tree, white with blossoms, we found a spot just suited to our purpose.

What a merry time we had arranging and re-arranging the bits of grass and moss before they formed a structure that seemed fitted to be the home of the tender nestlings of our fond expectancy, but, when done, we were certain there was not a neater one of its kind far or near; and I was so happy just to fold my wings and rest while I admired it. As for Red-Wing he did not seem to care to rest, but perched aloft and sang till my heart seemed almost bursting, so filled was it with the melody of his song. I know there never was another who could sing like he. Our cousin, Merry-Mocker, could sing a greater variety of songs, but his voice lacked the richness and fullness of Red-Wing's.

Now that our nest was done, Red-Wing told me that, as a faithful bird-wife, it would be my duty to lay the eggs, and it was not long till I showed him, proudly, four as pretty speckled eggs as I ever saw.

My next duty was to sit over my eggs

till the warmth from my body nursed them into life and brought forth our young. The time it took for this seemed very long, but expectant mother-love sustained me, and Red-Wing sang me his sweetest songs and did all he could to help and cheer me. He brought me water in his beak from the brook across the meadow, and fed me with grain and seeds and grubs and every dainty he could spy that the season afforded; so I scarcely left my nest except now and then for a bit of exercise.

At last, one morning when I awoke I felt the stir of little wings against my breast and before night I had four as promising nestlings as ever came to gladden the heart of a mother bird; blind and naked, as young birds always are, but doubly dear because of their helplessness. Poor little things! They seemed to have been born hungry, and their mouths were open so much of the time that we had much ado to keep them filled. I am certain birds never grew faster, and ere long they were covered with little fluffy feathers, and their eyes opened and were more beautiful than diamonds. Red-Wing and I were never tired of looking at them and conjecturing as to which would have the brightest coat or be the sweetest songster, and though we worked very hard some days to supply them with food, it was a labor of love, and never were birds happier.

Not far from our home stood a large farm-house where I often saw a beautiful young lady passing out and in.

Sometimes, when Red-Wing was singing, perched aloft on his favorite limb, she would stand for a time looking at him, and then I was happy and proud indeed, for it was plain to see she admired his beauty. She was a very pretty young lady, with pink cheeks, bright eyes, and soft brown hair; and one day when she stood watching Red-Wing, I noticed that a tall, handsome young man stood beside her. I hoped that he was her mate and that they were as happy together as Red-Wing and I, for I had no doubt that she was as tender-hearted and good as she was beautiful.

I could not hear much that they were

saying, only enough to know that they were speaking of my beloved Red-Wing.

"He is a beauty, indeed, and I think I can get him for you," I heard the young man say, as they turned and walked away.

I could not bring myself to believe that they were meditating harm to my Red-Wing, but the words troubled me so that I repeated them to him.

"You fond, foolish, little bird wife," said he, "have no fears for me. No doubt they had their eyes on a fine, fat grasshopper."

But the words still haunted me so that I could not forget them.

The next day, while Red-Wing was singing his best, the young lady came again with the same young man to look at him, and this time the young man carried something in his hand like a long stick, only it was very bright and shone in the sun.

Whatever it was, I saw him raise it and point it at Red-Wing, then the awfullest thing happened. There was a flash of fire and smoke, and a sudden and awful sound like sharp thunder, which so frightened me that my heart almost stopped beating. I looked around to see if Red-Wing were as frightened as I, and saw that which chilled me with horror and seemed to freeze the very blood in my veins, for just as I turned my head his little feet stiffened, the next moment losing hold on the twig where he sat, he went tumbling down, down, falling flat on his side.

The young man ran and picked him up, and then I saw that his beautiful feathers were dabbled with something redder even than themselves. It was the crimson life blood that flowed in a little stream from the death wound in his breast!

"Isn't he such a beauty!" cried the young lady. "I do wish I had his mate too. It would be so cute to have them together on my hat; and I have learned how to prepare them so beautifully."

Her words added terror to the grief that was already breaking my heart. If

I should be taken, too, what would become of my helpless darlings?

All the rest of that day I sat near my nest, so stunned that I had no power to go in search of food, but the next morning the clamor of my little ones drove me forth.

I avoided the farm-house as far as I could, fearing now to approach the spots that had once been our best hunting-grounds. Oh! how hard I worked that day and for several days following. I took but little rest, and scarcely tasted the food myself, and then I could not satisfy the increasing demands of my growing darlings. Each evening found me more and more fatigued, but my darlings were growing so rapidly now that I began to look hopefully forward to the time when, they could leave the nest and help to make their own way in the world.

Little Pip, my largest, was growing daily more like his father, my dear, lost Red-Wing, and daily dearer to my heart if possible, and I hoped he would be as sweet a songster. Alas! my fond hope was never to be realized.

One morning, after much fruitless search, I ventured back for the first time since Red-Wing's death, to my old hunting-ground near the farm-house. I had just found a plump grain of corn and was rising to fly away with it when once more I heard the dreadful sound that shocked me so when Red-Wing met his sad fate, and then I fell to the ground unconscious.

I do not know how long I lay so, but when I came to, I was lying on my side and there was a terrible pain in one of my wings. When I attempted to fly I found that my wing was broken quite close up to my body, and hung limp and helpless, so that it was impossible for me to rise. All I could do was to hop along, dragging my poor broken wing after me, every motion causing me the most intense pain. Presently I heard voices coming over the hedge, and then I knew that they who had so ruthlessly taken the life of my beloved Red-Wing had now attempted mine.

"I'm sure I hit it, and I thought it

fell this side," said the young man, whose voice I knew at once.

"Well, let's go. There's no use spending a whole forenoon looking for a bit of a bird. You may be mistaken about hitting it, after all. I hope your next shot will be more successful," said the voice of the pretty young lady, and I saw and heard no more of them for a long time after that.

By slow and painful effort, I made my way back to the roots of the tree that held the pretty nest where but a few weeks before Red-Wing and I had toiled so joyfully, and where now our then fond hopes were ending in the pitiful cries of our orphaned nestlings vainly clamoring for food.

Oh! how it tore my heart to hear their cries as I lay there trembling with pain and weak from loss of blood, powerless to stay the pangs of hunger that I knew must soon consume them. More than once I dragged myself away, thinking I could not endure to hear them, but no sooner was I beyond the sound of their cries than I returned again. Though it broke my heart to hear them, I could not leave them in this last hour of their distress. I tried to call them down to me. I thought if they could flutter down, that once on the ground, with the little assistance I could give them they might escape starvation. But poor, timid little things. I had not yet given them the first lesson in the use of their wings, and what could they do but cling to the nest and starve?

On the evening of the second day my sweet, bright Pip, after much coaxing, spread his little wings, stepped over the edge of the nest and made a brave attempt to reach me, but weak from hunger and not knowing how to use his wings properly, he lost his balance and fell on a sharp rock that lay under the tree. He was not quite killed, but I saw that his injuries were fatal, and before the next morning his little life had gone out. I was glad that he was done with pain and wished that those in the nest were like him. Their cries were growing fainter and fainter now, and it was not much

longer till I knew that all was over with them.

I did not feel that I could ever taste food again after witnessing the slow starvation of those so dear to me, nor had I any desire to live, but the cravings of hunger became so terrible that instinct compelled me to peck at such morsels as came in my way, and by degrees my broken wing mended so that I can now use it in short flights, but it soon grows painful, and I shall never fly again as I once did, and I would be glad at any time to lay down the life that is now but a useless burden to me.

I would end my story here, but I want to tell you that a few days ago, as I sat concealed in a low bush by the wayside I saw my young lady and gentleman walking slowly to church, and there, perched among a mass of ribbons, on the side of my young lady's hat, was my lamented Red-Wing.

My joy at seeing him overcame all fear,

and I started toward him with the little glad chirp he used to know so well, but no answering chirp returned my greeting, and then I saw that instead of the eyes that used to peer at me so brightly, two round, black beads stared blankly from beneath his pretty top-knot, and the beak with which he used to caress me looked shriveled and dry about its edges. His whole frame was fixed and rigid. All the pretty curves were gone, all the life and motion, hushed forever the sweet song. To see him thus was worse than not to have seen him at all, for I looked only on the mummied corpse of my once incomparable Red-Wing. Once more I sought my leafy covert, more sad at heart than I had been before, for in seeing the remains of my lost love I lived over again the sad tragedy of our broken lives, all of which had been enacted that my young lady might have a dead bird to perch among the ribbons of her hat.

THE LITTLE BROWNIE MAN.

BY ANNIE LOUISE BRAKENRIDGE.

THERE'S sand upon the parlor floor,
There's mud upon the stairs,
And finger-marks upon the door
And on my gilded chairs.

A charcoal sketch adorns the walk;
In bedroom, kitchen, hall,
Are scenes in pencil, pen, and chalk,
On window-sill and wall.

And when I ask, "Who can it be
That did all this?" Why, then,
A boyish treble answers me—
"I dess 'twas Brownie Men!"

He weeds the garden with a spoon,
And cuts old Carlo's hair,
And from a pumpkin carves a moon,
And hangs it in mid-air.

I find him standing on his head
Before the mirror tall
And playing on my fresh-dressed bed
With kitten, dog, and ball.

And when I chide, he hugs me so,
(Resist him—ah! who can?)
And says, "Why, mamma, don't you
know
I is a Brownie Man?"

And when at night the house is still,
And he is safe in bed,
I pray, "Dear Lord! keep from all ill
And bless this busy head;
And make me patient still to be
With every boyish plan!"
For what would life be worth to me
Without my Brownie Man?

The Home-Maker.

HOME CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY AUNT JEAN.

[At the request of many readers we have added this department, in which you can tell each other all the good things you know and want others to know. It is open to you all. Address all letters intended for it to Aunt Jean, care of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, Philadelphia, Pa.]

"Rich gifts of God, a year of time."

—WHITTIER.

A HAPPY New Year, full of usefulness, of unlooked-for blessings, of peace and plenty, is our earnest greeting to all this month; but especially to the members of our dear Home Circle.

There is no season when the heart is so susceptible to new resolves, when we determine so ardently to reach some self-appointed goal as this beginning of another year, when we stand regretfully wondering where the three hundred and sixty-five days, in which we meant to accomplish so much, have flown. It is looking back over the little span that Bishop Hall's lines come to us so forcibly. "Every day is a little life; and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal, those that dare misspend it desperate."

But though we may have been both prodigal and spendthrift, we are not going to stand idly grieving. To-morrow's harvest grows out of to-day's labor. We want to look back for only two things. First, that we may be strong with activity by gazing on past inaction; and, second, for the daily softening of our hearts in the sacred memories that twine about the dear name "Home."

There comes to us the following from a Boston Quill and the moments spent in looking back into memories like these cannot darken—though they may perhaps dim—the vista of our bright New Year.

HOME FANCIES.

BY QUILL.

HOW that old clock at home can tick. There is not another time-piece in America with such a familiar chuckle to welcome one back to the old parlor.

Tick, tock! It brings to mind the lessons I learned while its old hands told so many minutes before playtime. And how its plump old face hid behind its hands as they pointed out a few more minutes of punishment.

Tick, tock! How the dear old dial would smile, when, with hands aloft, it greeted the hungry boy with "Only five minutes till dinner, aint I a hustler?" And what an unsympathetic ring was in its voice as it called up the stairs, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Young man, if you don't get up earlier than this in the morning, you will have moss in your hair, sir."

Tick, tock! Do I remember the lullaby that mother used to sing, while I gazed at the pendulum tossing to and fro? "Come-thou-fount-of-eve-ry-blessing—" and I think God's greatest blessing was then crooning the lullaby.

Tick, tock! The lullabies are past, the youngsters have grown. White and gauzy dresses, creamy flowers, glad music, and bright faces! How the old clock stares! Out-of-doors the breeze plays through the oak and pine leaves, and the busy pendulum almost stops to listen till the wedding music has died away, then on it goes with a clickety-clack, as if to make up for lost time. Tick, tock! The flowers and glad faces are gone, the veils and laces are laid away in sweet-scented drawers as relics of the dear past. The one who went away in the summer with blossoms and nosegays has returned in the winter with naught but a shroud and pale wreaths to cover her. And now a grassy mound, a smooth white stone, a sweet remembrance, a bleeding heart, are added to mother's treasures.

Tick, tock! It is a subdued welcome the old clock gives me. To me, who have been away these many years. Perhaps the rusty hands, as they swing about the tarnished circle, are trying to wipe away the tears that well up as it remembers all it has recorded. Perhaps it is trying to recall the lullabies, the childish jests of years ago, or the little secrets

I shared only with its broad, honest face.

Tick, tock! The old clock's steps are lagging. It has grown weary with the work of years, and people say it is "slow." Its hands are loose and bent with age. Soon the tossing of its brazen heart will be stopped forever, and behind the kind old face will be folded, secure from all but you and me, those dear, dead secrets of the past.

There is a little chair standing within an odd corner at home—a plain, little chair with its dark rockers and its well-worn arms. And it stands in the shadowy recess just below the shelf where the old clock ticks away, telling of the long, long minutes that are gathering fast between me and the deep-memored past. But the little forms which once were held in the wooden arms and rocked to and fro, have long since fled, and the baby-chair is forgotten. One, whom the little chair held lovingly, slipped away through the shadows and is waiting beyond the dusky valley. Many a time the old chair held her against its narrow bosom and rocked away her baby troubles. A tiny pressure sets it vibrating. Rock, rock. It was so that it swung to and fro, keeping time to a childish lullaby crooned low and sweet over the passive face of a china doll. Backward and forward, forward and back, it measured off the moments of happiness. Rock, rock, steady and slow; so it was that it held the children in its strong old arms and soothed away the childish grief. The sobs and sighs kept time with its rocking, the little troubles were lost in the depths of its kind old bosom.

Rock, rock; first quick, but growing slower and slower as the pearly lids drooped lower and lower over the drowsy eyes, and so it rocked the babies away to the sleepy Land of Nod. And still it stands in the odd old corner, and holds wide its arms waiting and wishing to once again hold the noisy children who long ago grew too large for its narrow grasp. But, a tiny squeak comes from its dark, old rocker like a rusty sigh, and perhaps when no one is near the little old chair may sleep and dream of

the dainty one it held so lovingly, who passed away through the dim, dark shadows, and waits for us still in the "somewhere" far beyond.

WANTED—SOMETHING DAINTY AND ILLUSTRATED.

BY ELLA GUERNSEY.

"WOULD you mind contributing this?"

By "this," my visitor meant the November number of the HOME MAGAZINE just received.

The kitten-loving boy in the household was laughing and admiring the first-page illustration, the "Three Little Kittens' Thanksgiving."

I had no wish to hand over my new magazine to the collector of literature for a reading-room lately opened in the slums of the busy Western city.

For years the HOME MAGAZINE has been a treasured visitor. In the '50's a mother read from its pages "something pretty" to the babies as she jogged the cradle. The babies are now work-driven men and women who can never forget those old lullabies.

"You must remember," said the kindly, old man, whose heart was in his work, "that it is young men who work in dark and disagreeable places and board in cheap, uncomfortable houses who frequent our reading-rooms. Their wages will not admit of their paying for cleaner and better accommodations. Their evenings must be spent somewhere. We want something bright and illustrated, which will attract, but we want it dainty and elevating, too. There are girls and mothers who want this literature. People should give me of their best and brightest to supply these tables."

A few days later, I visited these reading-rooms, situated in a part of the city that one does not care to linger in.

The rooms were low-ceilinged and poorly furnished. The lights, however, were beautifully clear and bright, the lamp-globes shone crystal clear.

Around the tables poorly clad, bright-faced young men gathered intent upon ex-

amining the new literature brought in during the day. Strong-limbed, athletic young fellows they were, with hands hardened and roughened by hard and constant toil.

They *really* were enjoying this new luxury in Poverty Row, a reading-room.

In another apartment young women were learning to sew and to read. There were Italian, Polish, English, Irish, and American girls in attendance.

The worn and soiled copies were given these girls to carry home with them.

"You see that the girls are pleased with the home periodicals. They need helpful home literature," said my friend. "A large amount of literature, though excellent in character, that is sent to this room is practically useless, failing to attract by its lack of pictures and sparkle."

I saw! I saw clearly, and do not now withhold from this *bona fide* reading-room my copy of the HOME MAGAZINE.

MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

BY SARA CLARE.

SHALL we visit the sick? Most readers will answer without hesitation, "yes." To many there will come the thought of the Divine words of commendation: "I was * * * sick and ye visited me."

In the case of the very poor, to whom we can take needed comforts, our duty is plain. In any case, where the friends need help in night-watching it is equally so. It is not of such cases as these that I am thinking now, but of the practice, very common in the country, of spending the entire day with a sick friend. Such visits seldom fail to be wearisome to the invalid, and they add to the work of the well members of the family, always heavy enough at such a time. Even short calls, when numerous, are very trying with their constant repetition of inquiries as to "how you feel to-day?" whether "you are able to sit up any?" "how is your appetite?" "what do you eat?" and the long list of questions, many of which, no one but the physician should ask; but which well-meaning friends do ask again and again.

It was once mine to nurse a dear one through an illness of almost two years' duration; an illness that ended in death. Being of a social disposition she enjoyed the company of friends very much during the earlier part of her illness and would have been glad to see them much oftener than they came. Many of the neighbors seemed to think that as she was not dangerously ill and needed no care beyond what I could give, it was not necessary to visit her then. By and by some one questioned the physician and learned that there was little hope of ultimate recovery. Then began an influx of visitors that was trying even to the well members of the family; doubly trying to the invalid, whose suffering had caused great nervous prostration. Worst of all, nine out of every ten contrived in some way, without in the least intending it, to show that they thought she would never be well again.

I am not one who would conceal from any one hopelessly ill all knowledge of the gravity of their condition, and let them go on to meet death unconscious of his coming. But I would have the truth told, when necessary, gently and tenderly and by some loved one, not learned from some indiscreet visitor.

Many a weary invalid learns to dread the return of the Sabbath. The day which, of all the week, should be the one of the most perfect quiet, becomes the most trying. So many who do not take time to visit the sick on any other day think to make amends by coming on Sunday, that one who is weak will be completely worn out when the day is done; so worn out that the night brings no rest and Monday is a day of depression. I have known this to be the case again and again. *My* weary darling used to say: "If I am ever well enough to visit the sick, I will remember my own experience and not go on Sunday."

Last summer our village paper, under the head of "Killing One's Friends with Kindness," published the following paragraph: "As before noted in this column, W. M.— is very ill. On last Sunday over seventy persons visited him. Every one of them shook hands with him and

nearly all had more or less conversation with him. He may recover, but it is not probable that his constitution is strong enough for such an ordeal in addition to the disease." He died before the middle of the week.

Another case where only kindness was intended is the following: The beloved pastor of a country church was not in his pulpit, and the assembled congregation learned that on the day before he had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill. With one accord they went from the church to his home. The crisis of the disease was past and he was not injured by their coming, but the tired, anxious wife and daughter, who dreaded on the morrow a return of the congestive chill which had so nearly proven fatal yesterday, were obliged to prepare dinner for a houseful of unexpected guests.

Such instances might be multiplied, but enough have been given, I hope, to show that it is sometimes truest kindness to our sick friends to refrain from visiting them. No rule can be given that would be generally applicable. The natural temperament of the sufferer and the nature of the disease have so much to do with the matter that they should always be taken into consideration in deciding what to do in a given case.

(Another thought; not all persons possess that nameless *something* which makes them acceptable and helpful visitors in case of serious illness. Do we not all know some of these gifted ones whose presence is a comfort? And do we not all know others, just as kindly disposed, just as anxious to help us, who—though it seems a harsh thing to say—are always in the way?)

But if we do not visit our sick friends let us not let them feel that it is because they are forgotten. A bit of choice fruit, some dainty to tempt a capricious appetite, a flower or a picture may serve as tokens of our remembrance. For those who are able to read, or to listen to reading aloud, nothing is more acceptable than a magazine or a book to help pass the weary hours.

SALT AND SOME OF ITS USES.

YESTERDAY I went down and spent the afternoon with the minister's wife and took tea.

We always have nice visits together. She is a roly-poly little English woman, sweet and low-voiced, and rosy as women of that clime so generally are—their fresh pink-and-white complexions always make me fairly envious—and her brood of five healthy, pretty children seem to cause her no more worry than so many kittens.

She has a way, somehow, of taking the downy side of life.

We got to speaking of the many ways in which salt was useful, beside that great necessity of its being an ingredient of our food.

She says a handful thrown into water in which one dips or soaks anything which is blood-stained will cause the stain to come out easily.

It is good to scour marble wash-stands or basins with, good to sweep carpets with, and keeps out moths, and thrown down where soot has fallen will take it up without leaving black marks.

Salt also will set colors in wash-goods if they are first soaked in pretty strong salt-water.

The Bible says that no sacrifice was offered without salt in the old days of representative worship, and we learn that it was because salt was the conjoining principle; that which represented the uniting of good and truth.

If spots of iron rust in any fabric are wet with a strong solution of lemon-juice and salt and held over a vessel of boiling water the spots will disappear at once.

PEEPS AT OUR NEIGHBORS.

BY DOROTHY HUNT.

TO-DAY I have been loafing in the Garden of Eden.

Adam and Eve were not there—neither was the serpent.

I, only I, held there sole reign and sovereignty, barrin' the "neighbors," of which "more anon" as our local paper with great originality remarks each week.

This morning Em and the babies went

home after their week's visit at the old home, and as a most wonderful event Serena and grandma went with them. Father took the big easy double carriage, and they all packed in, a baby sandwiched on each seat—a salad sandwich, I told them—and away they went in high spirits.

And then, how I did fly around! No little maid off for a picnic ever was in greater haste.

I swept, and picked up, and dusted, and closed the shutters over the open windows, and locked the doors that led out into the world, and then drew a long breath of delighted freedom; for I, Dorothy Hunt, was cut loose from every bolt or bar of duty or labor for all the sweet long day.

Some fair, precious hours were mine to feast my soul upon, "to have and to hold forever."

Did you ever think, my friends, what a bit of God's loving-kindness that is, that if we have ever had a delight it is ours forever if we will but cherish its memory?

Sometimes we need to cling to our dear past to help us bear the days of sorrow when they come; and ever they are to our hearts like undying fragrance.

No fairer day ever dawned than this that now is drifting to its close, pure, sunny, and calm, a day to be "marked with a white stone."

I have let you peep into our household; come now with me outside, and see with my eyes where the Lord has set my feet to tread in pleasant places.

Look out here to the east over the great lake lying now as placid as a sleeping babe under the cloudless blue sky, rippled with the faintest breeze, lapping softly, caressingly the pebbly beach.

Above on the bank, where to-day I have brought my big fur rug, my pillows, books, and my 'scape-valve, paper and pencil—the green forest makes a background for the bit of half-civilized territory that nests our home.

I look down from the rose-fringed bank where I lie stretched in Oriental ease, twenty feet below to the wave-kissed, sandy shore.

Out upon the lake a yacht with silvery sails floats lazily by, with her wake trailing behind, like a strip of purple ribbon across the pale opal of the water.

Above and all about me are trees—trees—my pets and darlings.

Everything is here, birch, elm, maple, ash, and all the evergreens, from the hemlock, that always seems to me like an Indian chieftain, down to the cedar that always keeps cuddled close down to mother earth, no matter how high its crest may reach toward the sky, like some great souls who never let worldly renown wean their hearts from home.

And last, not least, there is my Fernbrook almost at my side, singing, singing, down through the moss into its stony basin, laughing with me when I am glad, crying with me when I go off to cry alone, talking to me nights when many thoughts keep sleep away, living with me, its life flowing on and on with mine, as it flowed ere mine began, as it will go on flowing when that glad day comes when mine will cease its restless going.

But mine is a busy life, and the days are rare when I can bathe my whole soul in this sea of delight, as I have to-day, till all the frets and worries slip away, and I feel as if I had but to close my eyes and lift my arms, to be taken up like a tired child to its mother's breast, into the sweet restful world a step beyond.

Did you ever go out as I have to-day and lie under the trees and look up into the sky and *listen*?

Such a myriad of little voices! Sweeter to my ear than the notes of any prima donna who ever sang are the songs that I hear thus.

And then to watch the tiny busy lives. To-day a bird as red as blood, whose plumage shone like the red of ripe wet cherries, went flitting through the branches above me like a scarlet flame. All kinds of ants and insects crawled up around me to see what sort of curious interloper had invaded their domains; together we shared pillow and couch and book; but the line had to be drawn somewhere, and when they got up my sleeves

and went to prancing around inside my collar, I had to part company with them.

Nevertheless the peeps that I had at these little neighbors were as interesting as those at greater than they.

It seems too bad when we think how many of them we must crush under our feet each day, as fate often tramples and crushes us.

But fare thee well, Dorothy the dreamer, for a time and a half-time.

Rouse thee, Dorothy, the handmaiden who must hie thee kitchenward to concoct savory meat and attachments thereto.

Now, if everybody were like me, life would at once be robbed of half its joy and terror.

I could take bread and an olive, like an ancient Greek, and be content.

Let me remark in a broad *aside* that the above is to be taken as strictly metaphorical, or else the olive is not to be pickled!

But let me substitute a bunch of grapes for me to make it safe, and as many are devoted to the olive in its pickled and bottled horror, let me give you a recipe that will furnish the luxury at a price much more moderate than that of the modern caterer.

Take green damson plums, all that you desire; all the old boots and shoes that lie about "promiscuous;" salt to taste and cover with vinegar. This is equal to the imported.

HINTS FOR HOME MEDICINE CHESTS.

BY MRS. W. P. B.

Broken egg-shells will clear glass bottles or decanters equal to new.

TO CURE FROSTED FEET.—Rub them with spirits of turpentine at night on going to bed.

WASH FOR THE HANDS.—Three ounces of lemon juice, three ounces of white wine vinegar, and one-half pint white brandy.

Sage-tea sweetened with honey and a small piece of alum in it is the best gargle for sore throat.

CURE FOR BUNIONS.—Twelve grains of iodine, one-half ounce of lard or spermaceti ointment. To be rubbed in gently three or four times a day.

CURE FOR EAR-ACHE.—Take a bit of cotton batting; put upon it a pinch of black pepper; gather it up and tie it; dip it in sweet oil, and insert it in the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

TO CURE RINGWORM.—Use mercurial ointment, applying at night and allowing to remain until morning. A few applications will cure.

STIMULATING HAIR-WASH.—Oil of sweet almonds, one ounce; hartshorn, one ounce; spirits of rosemary, four ounces; water of honey, two ounces. Mix well.

TOOTH-POWDER.—Two ounces prepared chalk, one dram myrrh, one-half ounce Peruvian bark, one-half ounce white sugar, one ounce rose pink.

TO CLEAN SMOKY MARBLE.—Brush a paste of chloride of lime and water over the entire surface. Grease spots can be removed from marble by applying a paste of potash and whiting in this manner.

THE FINGER-NAILS.—To whiten the finger-nails take two drams of dilute sulphuric acid, one dram of tincture of myrrh, four ounces of spring-water, and mix them in a bottle. After washing the hands, dip the fingers in a little of the mixture, and it will give a delicate appearance to the hand. Rings with pearls in them, and such as have stones set with foils to color them should always be removed from the fingers when the hands are washed.

"A lady subscriber would like to see through the pages of the HOME MAGAZINE something about the care and management of children (infants), etc."

"DEAR HOME CIRCLE:

"I want to send you something, so send three recipes. If they are worth a photograph of Mr. Arthur, I shall be glad to get it. "BETTY."

QUEEN PUFFS WITH LEMON SAUCE.—One pint of sweet milk, five scant tablespoonfuls of flour, the yolks of five eggs and whites of three, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a pinch of salt. Whip

the whites very stiff and add to them the beaten yolks. Then, with an egg-beater, mix in lightly the other ingredients in the following order: First the flour, then butter, milk, and salt. Have ready nine earthen cups, generously buttered, and divide the mixture between them. Bake in a rather hot oven about twenty-five minutes. The puffs should have risen almost to the top of the cups, and should be finely browned on top. After removing them to a deep dish, pour about them.

LEMON SAUCE.—One cupful of granulated sugar, a large tablespoonful of butter, one egg, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, six tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Mix butter and sugar and the beaten egg, next the lemon and

boiling water, beating briskly for a moment. Set the bowl containing sauce in boiling water and cook until the consistency of honey.

QUEEN'S CAKE.—Take half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, one pound of flour, eight eggs, half a pound of currants, six ounces of candied orange peel, a little essence of lemon, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs, one at a time, mix the soda and tartar thoroughly with the flour, then add to the eggs; stir in the currants, peel, cut fine, essence of lemon, and one gill of milk; mix well together, pour into little molds, and bake in a hot oven. They can be iced, or not, as fancy suggests.

A WISH.

BY HARRIET ADAMS SAWYER.

FATHER, I love Thee. In my heart I cherish
No hope so dear as this—that Thou wilt nourish
My love for Thee so strong it ne'er can perish,
Nor e'er grow cold.

Oh! Comforter divine, I humbly pray Thee
That act of mine may ne'er, no ne'er betray Thee;
But that I may live ever, ever near Thee
And be Thy child.

While youth's glad paths I tread and earthly flowers
Lure me to linger 'neath their fragrant bowers,
Oh! be Thou near me, making blest the hours
Which here I spend.

And when life's burden and its cares oppress me,
When weight of sin and want of faith distress me,
Oh! then sustaining, and forgiving bless me,
Saviour divine.

And when, with trembling feet, I near the river,
Whose waters dark, the earth from me must sever
Oh! come and tell me I am Thine forever,
And bear me home.

—*Chaperone.*

WOMAN'S WORLD

EDITED BY ELIZABETH LEWIS REED.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Miss E. L. Reed, Editor Woman's World, ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, 532 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We cordially invite our readers to ask questions in

connection with this department, which we will endeavor to answer, and also to send us any suggestions which they may have found useful in their own housekeeping.

FASHION NOTES.

FIG. 1 represents two charming French bonnets and a hat from the same source. The latter is of fine black felt, flaring in front, turned up in the back, and the crown covered with five ostrich tips of a good size. The ribbon drapery is of No. 20 *cigale peau de soie*. The toque on the left side is of jet having strings and a drapery of old rose satin ribbon, with a little black velvet and jet pins in front; at the back appears an aigrette and jet ornaments. The third figure of this cluster has a full capote of black velvet with a brim of lace frills and jet figures, also long jet pin and velvet ribbon strings. Loops and small bows, back and front, of creamy yellow satin ribbon, No. 20.



Fig. 1.

Fig. 2 is handsomely shown in striped camel's hair cut bias so as to bring the stripes diagonal, which answers for the

bodice, which has a short, pointed back and panel fronts to the edge of the skirt finished with immense hip pockets held



Fig. 2.

deep cuffs, collar, lapped vest, plain front, and fan-plaited back. The velvet is used for the full sleeves and princess



Fig. 3.

down by large fancy buttons. The trimming consists of an edging of astrakhan to match the stripes, though with ladies'

cloth or different striped woolen goods any fur could be used.

festooned with bows of satin ribbon. The gown is made over satin, and the low waist is gracefully draped over a *bébé* front of plain chiffon that corresponds



Fig. 4.

Fig. 3 shows a chiffon ball gown dotted with *petite pois* spots and the skirt ruffle



Fig. 5.

with the bretelle frills. Ribbon bracelets finish the sleeves and a bow ornaments the waist line. The gloves are of white suède and the fan of painted gauze.

Fig. 4 represents what is called the Russian princess dress for house wear, or it may be worn on the street under a long cloak. Velvet and silk or cloth, cashmere, or two shades of cloth may be shown, as in the illustration dark-green and tan-faced cloth, astrakhan edging and loops of silk braid form the costume. The trimming is arranged as shown with the deep V-shaped cuffs and narrow vest of the tan cloth. The princess is without darts, except in the lining, and has a half belt of tan suède, held by a fancy buckle on the right side. The back is cut with graceful extensions that form a fan demi-train.

Fig. 5, as shown, is a bourette stripe, which is cut on the bias for the sleeves and skirt, with a seam up the middle of the front to bring the stripes in a succession of V's. The long coat made with a regular Newmarket or hip seam is edged on the fronts, flared collar, and wrists with astrakhan matching the stripes. The pointed vest and front of the collar are of ladies' cloth, matching the ground of the camel's hair. The vest should be fastened with crochet or pearl buttons.

FOREIGN LEAFLETS.

Parisian hair-dressers have introduced a new coiffure, the Mme. de Sévigny, of curls and flowing locks.

Watches look like flowers, and may be pinned on the bodice like a real flower.

Yellow crêpon, trimmed with black lace, makes a charming home gown.

Laced girdles of the dress material are worn with loose vests and jacket fronts.

A pretty bangle spells the wearer's name on the top of the arm in precious stones.

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

MIRROR DECORATIONS.

GET a yard of broad ribbon, either heavy satin or moire, and of some light delicate shade. Fringe the ends, or point them, and put a heavy tassel upon each point. Through the centre trace

with liquid gold paint and in antique lettering the words:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

At each end of the lines paint or embroider a design of flowers. This decoration is to be thrown carelessly across the top of the mirror.

BUREAU SET.

Cut a piece of sheer muslin just large enough to cover the top of the bureau after an inch and a quarter hem has been made around it. If the centre is lower than the sides, then have three pieces. Stamp upon it a conventional pattern of wild roses if it is for a pink room, and nasturtiums if for a yellow room. Work the figures with wash-silks, using a deep button-hole stitch for the outside of the flowers. Cover the plain part with cob-web etching of fine silk of the colors used for the centres of the flowers. The edges may be trimmed with lace or with tassel fringe to match embroidery. The latter, however, would have to be taken off when the cover is washed.

Under this cover, or covers, as the case may be, should be a piece of silk, silesia or satin, either white or some color that will bring out the figures properly.

A square to match should be made for the top of the pin-cushion.

Fig. 1 illustrates a large screen made of hazel-wood twigs, which must first be softened in water, when they become pliable and obedient to the will of the worker. The staves and twigs are joined according to the illustration. When done the frame may be varnished or left in its natural rustic state.

Fir cones and acorns are placed where they are indicated in the engraving. The panels can be either embroidered or painted on strong sail cloth or canvas, and fixed in the frame either without backing or mounted on a card-board foundation. In both cases eyelet holes for the lashings must be provided. This manner of fixing the panels has the ad-



Fig. 1.

vantage that they can be easily changed or taken out for cleaning.

Fig. 2. China silk of a pretty design and in colors to harmonize with the room is required for No. 2, which forms a dainty fire-screen that would afford a charming gift during this time of giving and receiving. The frame is represented in bamboo and could be made of rustic branches or rounds of any

wood, the latter requiring two or three coats of white enamel to finish it off.

The banner drapery of silk is edged with fringe and caught up in two large, soft rosettes at diagonally opposite corners, with cords and tassels above giving a neat look to the necessary and at the same time very ornamental article, appropriate for a parlor or bedroom.

JEWEL CASE.

A pretty jewel case is made in the form of a canoe. Any one can cut this out of paste-board. Cover the outside with pink silk. Put a layer of cotton upon the inside, sprinkled with sachet powder, and over this a lining of white silk which has been embroidered with Dresden figures in pretty colors. Around the edge hem lace just wide enough to nearly reach the bottom of the canoe, and with a little fullness so that it will hang gracefully. At the two ends catch the lace up and tie with a pretty bow of ribbon.



Fig. 2.

A SCHOOL OF FICTION.

BY OUR CRITICS.

The editors of this department will be glad to receive communications and suggestions from those interested in the subject, and to answer questions. All communications should be addressed to Editors of School of Fiction, ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, 532 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

It affords us great pleasure to present to our readers the following sent us by several distinguished writers in reply to the questions, "What Constitutes Good Fiction?" and "What Is the Best Way to Learn to Write?"

CREATED FICTION.

ON these two, to literary aspirants, burning questions, "What Constitutes Good Fiction?" and "What Is the Best Way to Learn How to Write?" there seems to me mighty little left to be said. Not only has the plumage been taken from the subject, but the very down and "pin-feathers" have been picked out and set afloat before the wind of publicity. Every author has considered that he or she had something to say about it, and almost every one has said it frequently and at great length. What good does this piling Ossa on Pelion in the way of precept and suggestion do? The heaven of the great gods of fiction is never reached that way. One must be born like unto them, and mount upward by a force other than by any demonstrable line or precept. The only hard and fast rules possible are those few fundamental rules of grammar and construction which form the vertebrae, the ribs, the thigh-bones, the skeleton, in short, of all orderly composition. For most, the whole matter has been summed up in the formula, "have a story to tell, then tell it in the most direct and forcible style possible."

To me the work appears best which is a thing of *creation*, a progress from Genesis to Revelations, a regular process of conception of idea, growth, development in all parts, spiritual and natural, and final fruition in inevitable, therefore, orderly climax. A good work of fiction is to me a *lived* work. Most of the stories of the present day are *made* stories, well made, often cleverly made, but still *made*,

not *lived*. An author, to my thinking, should be able to merge his or her identity so completely into the work that for the time being the life of the characters handled seems as real and present as the life of the narrator.

It was so with "Oblivion." I *know* that clearing on the mountain where Ralph Woody's cabin stood, and the road down from it to John Bryant's store. While writing I lived in the cabin, cooked with Tildy, hunted with the neighbors, danced and dreamed with Lady and loved and suffered with Dick. In the body I have never crossed the North Carolina line, but all the same for many weeks I dwelt spiritually in Cherokee County.

It is the same with them all. When Nesbit Thorne pleaded for Princess's love, I felt that I would move heaven and earth to get her—that I would die if I did not get her. I was madly in love. When Jean Monteith rode through the woods to attend to that sick child every hoof-beat of the horses smote on *my* ear. When Ned Anthony's finger was on the trigger of that pistol and his sight glanced along the barrel to Don's bended head, I felt the cold hard steel in *my* hand, I felt the murderous impulse, the keen, strong desire to slay, the jealous, hideous longing for vengeance, and was only held back from the deed by the thought which swayed Ned. I could heap up illustrations indefinitely, my characters are so real, so *living* to me.

This is not telling any one "how to learn to write," I know. It is simply trying to show how I do the thing myself, therefore the natural and only method to me. If an author can live with and in her characters the rest, the mechanical part, becomes, with a little practice, as easy as rolling off a log. As in life, events follow events, and one situation gives rise to another in natural, more, in inevitable sequence and the author has little more to do than to chronicle the happenings and words of the set of *real*, if imagina-

tive, people with whose lives she is, for the time being, mixed up.

My own idea is that literary aspirants, or more accurately aspirants for novelistic honors, may learn grammar and construction, may acquire facility for handling stock material, may do capital work in every technical particular and still be beaten in the field of fiction, clear out of sight by a person who hardly knows a rule of grammar from a mathematical problem and to whom orthography is and always will be a *terra incognita*.

Men and women by the score may make up stories, but a genuine writer of fiction is *born* with the creative instinct and force.

M. G. McCLELLAND.

It is an interesting coincidence that this young Virginia writer, who weaves for us her attractive tales to entertain and amuse, with never a thought of instructing, and the great Russian novelist, who deals with the greatest moral problems that enter into life, should strike the same note in giving their opinions as to what constitutes good fiction.

Count Tolstoi says, "There are three requisites which go to make a perfect writer. First, he must have something worth saying; second, he must have a proper way of saying it; third, he must have sincerity."

Miss McClelland expresses the same idea somewhat differently: "Have a story to tell, then tell it in the most direct and forcible manner," while for sincerity she pleads earnestly, giving illustrations from her own experience of the reality out of which the characters and incidents were evolved—the "lived work" which makes them living characters and scenes.

In a private letter to one of Our Critics, Mrs. Burton Harrison, the accomplished authoress of *The Anglomaniacs*, says in reply to the question, "What Constitutes a Good Story?"

"All I can say is that when you find out I shall be very grateful to be told.

"Yours, very sincerely,

"C. C. HARRISON"

Mrs. E. S. Turner, who is more wont

to elaborate the charming fancies in verse than in stories, gives us, in a short dialogue, some side glances at the subject of fiction:

"A.—Had we not better settle, to our own satisfaction at least, what is the purpose of fiction?"

"Summer Girl.—To take in your trunk along with your hammock when you go to Lake George or to the seashore.

"Author.—To make fortunes for publishers.

"Professor.—To unbend on when your mind is weary of thinking.

"Funny Man.—To give women a chance to let off their views, and keep them from exploding.

"B.—To convey all sorts of lessons which can be so well put in no other way.

"C.—I don't believe in the intrusion of 'lessons' in fiction. I think the fundamental purpose of the story is to satisfy the natural hunger of the imagination. Every savage, every child, in fact every healthy human being possesses the faculty of ideality. This is just as important to his development as the mathematical faculty, but it cannot thrive on the same food. It calls for some form of story, told or acted. If we do not get it we make it. The girl makes believe with her doll, the boy with his tin soldiers. There are times when the cultured reader will turn from the whole bill of fare of the finest library in the world to devour one of Hans Andersen's fairy tales.

"D.—I don't care so much for fairy tales, but I like the dramatic, and I want it clear drama, not thickened up with the private views of the author, whether religious, moral, political, or reformatory. Let the story be a story, and go to the pulpit or platform with your didactics, or if you can't get away from your views put the story in the first volume and the views in the second.

"B.—I don't agree with you at all; what makes the modern novel so valuable to my mind is that you get, in an interesting form, so much that is instructive and suggestive.

"D.—But if it clogs the story.

"B.—Then, I grant, it is faulty; but sometimes the main interest of the novel

lies in the variance of opinion among its characters, and the results of such variance on their actions and fortunes; then, if managed with art, it is surely legitimate. In the story of *John Ward, Preacher*, the philosophy appears, not in long, parenthetical paragraphs from the writer, but in the ever dramatic words and actions of the characters themselves.

"E.—I have another accusation against the preaching novelists. If you have genius, and have also theories, you are taking an unfair advantage of your readers when you prove your theories by a book full of illustrations, situations, and consequences, all made up out of your own imagination, and yet all presenting themselves with the convincing force of facts. We could see this plainly enough if the lessons were contrary to our own convictions. If a writer should get up a 'Happy Uncle Tom' story, all the circumstances of which went to prove that slavery is best for the African or if another should essay to demonstrate to us through fiction that it is better to drink than be sober, we know how we should retort.

"A.—There is another thing which influences our choice of fiction. People do not care to read for amusement about their own every-day world, whatever it may be. Children don't want stories about children's characteristics. Neither Trotty Veck nor Mrs. Todgers would be likely to see anything either pathetic or funny in Dickens's presentment of their life and ways. Bridget doesn't care for the adventures of a cook unless she eventually marries an earl, but she dearly likes to read of the experiences of the nobility, while the countess finds a fascination in the life of the thieves' den and the bar-room, and the nice little boy hides under his desk at school a volume entitled *The Pirate Queen; or, The Ten Murderers of Upsylante Valley*.

"E. S. TURNER."

In answer to our request for communications we have received the following, which are encouraging in view of the fact that they show that the spirit and

object of this department are thoroughly understood by these writers.

EDITOR OF SCHOOL OF FICTION.

DEAR SIR:—It is with pleasure we note the new department in ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE, of which you are editor. We expect not only to be interested in it but to derive benefit from it.

Some five years ago the writer, after being successful in a few simple articles upon which she had spent but little care, wrote a story of greater length, devoting to it considerable time and thought and not a little heart and sympathy. So thoroughly did she enter into the spirit of her work that the creatures of her brain seemed real flesh and blood by her side telling their own stories.

She never felt so confident of success, and yet the story was returned without a word of explanation, and is still consigned to the oblivion of the writer's desk.

Had your present department of the magazine then existed she might have received some word of criticism that would have helped her to re-write the story acceptably, or guided her in future efforts.

Such is the kindly feminine way of saying what a writer of the other sex expresses thus:

"Having read the article 'A School of Fiction' with much interest, and, I trust, profit, I wish with all my heart that the school of which Mr. Besant speaks had been started years ago, and that I, as well as many others, could have enjoyed its advantages."

The author of *Little Mother Nail** also thanks us warmly for suggestions in the November "School of Fiction."

"I have entirely re-written the story," she says, * * * "and am more than obliged to you for the trouble you have taken and the kindness you showed in criticising the story."

It is, however, with especial gratification that we acknowledge the receipt

* "Little Mother Nail" will be published in February.

of a letter from a young author whose first effort was so unreservedly criticised last month that the critic would have been less surprised by a storm of angry objections than by the frank and manly confession which we quote:

EDITORS SCHOOL OF FICTION.

GENTLEMEN:—"The November number of your magazine, containing criticism of my story, 'Without a Stain,' received.

"Please accept my thanks for the favor you do me by speaking so frankly. You say, 'Presumably the author is young.' I plead guilty. I am twenty years of age. This was my first attempt at fiction.

"I had no idea that any one would infer from my story that I believe all who are rich are rascals and all who are poor are virtuous.

"In *Without A Stain*, I tried to depict a man whom I know, as the Honorable Abel Abrams. I confess I painted him blacker than he is.

"In Robert Moore, I placed the virtues of another acquaintance who failed in business five years ago, and has since been paying off his debts as fast as he can.

"I certainly did not desire to convey the impression that you take of it, and I would be very sorry to see it published over my signature if it conveys such impressions.

"Very respectfully yours, etc."

A writer we all know and like, says:

"The 'School of Fiction' I like very much and think it one of the best features of the magazine. It cannot fail to be of interest to the general reader, while to the writer it will be invaluable. The just criticisms of a single article will be worth many times the cost of the magazine.

"Sincerely yours,

"FRANK H. SWEET."

"Concerning the School of Fiction," says another correspondent, "I would beg to say:

"1st. I like the idea.

"2d. I do not like the idea.

"My reasons for liking it are that I have often, and do now, feel the want of

able and honest criticism. The fulsome praise of friends is flattery. Flattery is falsehood; and falsehood I despise. I would like to know the reasons for which some of my MSS. have been returned. I have never had the courage to ask. That they have faults I do not doubt; but just why some should be declined with thanks and others—no better in my opinion—accepted, is beyond my critical skill to determine. There may be some wiser than others, but I have been ever afraid of the writers' bureaus. Now, your criticisms would be unprejudiced and, being unpaid for, would be the more likely to be just.

"But I object—and to me this objection is insuperable—to the public and definitive way in which you propose to make these criticisms. All of your contributors may not care for criticisms. Some, who may have read their 'efforts' to sympathetic and unsympathetic friends, will feel a disinclination to send their MSS. to you through fear of an adverse criticism coming to the attention of the afore-mentioned friends.

"Then, again, the reference to the characters by name, together with the publication of the name of the story, both of which you admit your method of criticism would compel the author to change in the event of his wishing to remodel the story, to my mind will reduce the number of MSS. received at your office when such MSS. depend for their value upon the taking title or the names of their characters. In evidence I freely cite my own case. I have two stories—one of seventy-five thousand and the other of one hundred thousand words now outlined and well under way. In both of these, the title being the name of neither person nor place, forms the whole drift of the story. To change that title in either case would be to utterly destroy the story.

NOW FOR A SUGGESTION.

"Let a writer express his wish for criticism, give you a letter or combination of letters of the alphabet, whereby his story may be designated, and a number for each character in it. The freest

criticism then, though public, will not draw the attention of those who have seen it or may subsequently see it."

—
This idea of having a key, as outlined above, is not a bad one; we would also suggest that two titles be sent with each story, the author indicating under which name he would prefer to have his MS. criticised. He would thus save his "taking title for future use."

Again, it should be clearly understood by authors that, in sending MS. to this Magazine, they are quite free to state their wishes with regard to the criticism of such MS.

Our experience, however, comes in the opposite direction, as a number of writers have sent in stories and poems with earnest requests for criticism.

It does not seem as if poetry, with the exception of narratives and dramatic poetry, belonged to this department. Yet so many poems are sent to us for criticism that it is difficult to exclude that sort of writing altogether. Of many of the verses that come to us we feel that we may say in a general way, that they are triumphs of mediocrity. The term is used advisedly, "the wonder growing" that these verses can be as good as they are without being any better. Here are found frequently clever tricks with words, rhymes, and jingles that when sifted prove to be nothing but syllables strung together. Again, the sentiments and motive are good, and the setting poor, as when the soul is thus seriously and ungrammatically questioned:

"Soul of mine, if thou knew this day
Was the last for thee in this temple of clay,
What would'st thou do ere thou passed away?
Think well!"

•
Is it not expecting a good deal of a soul to answer properly when the pronoun is in the second person singular, while the verb following it is made to agree with a first person that does not appear? When the sentiment and the poetic forms are well mated we have "perfect music set to nobler words," of which Tennyson's and Lowell's verses are among the finest examples in the lan-

guage. Here are found elevated thoughts clothed in a form that lifts them, while in describing natural objects and scenes the very song of the brook and the forest, the wind and the sea sound and sigh through their melodious and expressive lines. Among these contributions we have, "Who Was Selfish?" This short MS. is so crammed with latent truths with regard to the conduct of parents toward their offspring that it cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be called fiction. The ideal faculties were not once called into play during its composition. Nor can we classify it as literature, there being an absolute lack of breadth and literary form in the manner in which the very valuable truths contained in the MS. are presented to the reader.

"The Legend of the Man with the Golden Brain" furnishes material for an interesting story, material which, if we mistake not, has already been utilized by one familiar with the folk-lore of his native land.

As presented to us it is a meagre outline of "a strange, fantastic legend," which we are told is related "in Provence to this day."

The author, or adapter, makes the mistake of appending an explanation to an allegory whose motive is as clear as the noon-day sun.

— "HOW SUMMER CAME TO SARA MUNRO."

By the merest chance this story fell into the hands of one accustomed to the spoken and written dialect of the Southern States, otherwise some difficulty might have been experienced in the reading of a MS. over-burdened with true North Carolina word-clipping and consonant elimination.

This is perhaps the gravest fault of a more than average story.

The opening pages are excellent; the contrast between Miss S'manthy's "saffron smile," her rasping voice, her whitey-green dress, and general aggressiveness and the weary young woman who, "though looking her worst, is un-

deniably pretty" in her ill-fitting gown, as she sits patching her worthless husband's coat—it is all admirably done. And who that had dwelt in the tar-heel region could fail to understand that when "Miss S'manthy" produces her snuff-box and begins to search through her pocket, she is groping for the half-chewed twig of dogwood or "sassyfrus," which she uses as a "bresh" to dip the yellow powder from the snuff-box? One can see the dextrous twist by which she conveys it to her mouth without spilling more than the least fine dust—not enough to soil the whitey-green dress too grievously!

Yes; the two women, the dilapidated room, even seedy, "wuthless" Jim are true to Nature.

Then why not accept the story?

Mainly, because of this bewildering (though not exaggerated) dialect, which does not leave us so much as a pronoun to cling to. I becomes *uh*, myself is *muh se'f*, to conceal itself in *tuh*, and even the indefinite article *a*, grows to be a definite offense when it persistently crops up as *uh*.

An isolated sentence can only partially convey the impression which pages of unbroken conversation on the same lines would make, but to prove that the objection is not trivial, we quote:

"Wal, Sairy," filling her moutn with the aromatic powder, "Wurkin' hod iz never uh see. * * * Uh wouldn' slave day in 'nd day owt iz you does, fur no man on dih face uh dis green yeth. Fusingyouknows yuh'll kill yuhse'f; 'nd dih groun wou' be col' ubove yih fo' Jim Mun's'bl be cockin' 'is eyes aroun atter some yother 'oman."

Perhaps we might battle it out, despite the "fusinyouseknows" (which, to the uninitiated, is almost equal to the German word "*Uneigennützigkeit*," or any other polysyllabic puzzle), were it not for the provoking Griselda-like patience with which Sara accepts her winter before summer at last comes to her in the reformation of her "worthless" spouse.

Give Mrs. Munro a little more spirit, modify the dialect of your story, and *some one* will accept it.

A ROMANCE OF MARBLE HEAD.

Had the chronicler of *Agnes Surrag's Adventures* been more careful to follow the rules of grammar, her story might have found a place in another part of the HOME MAGAZINE, for it has good points, and even with many imperfections is interesting. But what editor, were he ever so amiably disposed, could hope to recast such ill-constructed sentences?

Probably the writer, herself, on seeing them in print, will be surprised that she presented, for favorable consideration, a MS. so full of inexcusable errors. Take this, for example, from the very first page (the italics are ours).

"Once in a while you catch glimpses of the small children (*still too young to be ground in the rules*!) or some old crone sitting in the doorways of the cabins, little, mean, dark, and cramped, perched up and down the cliffs in all manner of angles, as though they had started to run away, and too feeble to escape, had stuck fast, and are falling, like the deserted wharves, into ruin."

It is possible that a Salem witch, having the magic power to subdivide herself, might furnish portions of her anatomy for each of the doorways, but to ask us to believe that she perched herself up and down the cliffs in all manner of angles and occupied so many cabins at the same time, is exacting too much!

Again,

"He called, lustily, 'landlord,' but no one coming he saw a girl on her knees washing the floor (?) of whom he asked," etc.

One more and we have done.

"A trembling motion came, followed by a severe shock, and from one end of the city to the other came shrieks and groans, while the sea waves rose to a terrific height, scattering over the earth; great ships were swept out to sea and went down in sight of land *like a child's toy*; thousands of people were buried in the upheaval of the earth; falling buildings with blinding dust, while all around deep fissures appeared in the solid rock," etc.

It were vain to multiply examples; enough has been said.



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WHAT 1892 PROMISES OUR READERS.

With some people promises are made at this time of the year only to be forgotten later, in the dull months of summer.

The present publishers of this magazine made no promises when they took

charge of it last June, but carefully kept all that had been made by our predecessors.

Even in December we did not publish, with a loud flourish of trumpets, a long list of contributors that we did not have, nor have we undertaken any great reform of the world for the coming year.

We prefer to allow our work to speak for us as it progresses. We believe each month has been in some way an improvement on the one before it, and now, with our new cover and new type, new departments, and the offer we make of free dress-patterns, we can challenge the world to show an equal amount given for the same money. Remember this is a magazine printed in book form and not a "monthly newspaper" filled with advertising.

Our list of contributors for 1892 will bear favorable comparison with any of the large \$4.00 magazines.

We want, each month, to give you a genuine surprise and not spoil your enjoyment of the feast by telling you now what you are to have. It is only the cook who does not enjoy the dinner, and mainly because she knows all the time just what is to be served.

The present number will be a fair sample of each. The Editor will contribute, during the year, handsomely-illustrated articles on "The Great Amazon Valley," "Life in the Far West," "How the Indians Are Treated," etc., all from his own experience, and illustrated from photographs "taken on the spot."

"The World's Fair" will be carefully continued by Mr. Dorr.

A series of articles by "Famous Physicians" on the care of children will be published during 1892.

Nearly all who have written for us during the past year, have articles specially prepared for this magazine. The serial stories will not be as long-drawn-out as they have been, but of a much better quality and style. We have several stories of intense interest and full of excitement and romance that will be completed in from two to three numbers, plenty of short sketches of American Life both in the cities and on the plains that are wonderfully well told, and yet we promise our readers that not one line shall ever be printed in this magazine that could not be read aloud in the family circle to your children. We shall hope and endeavor to make it so good, so pure, so elevating, and yet so interesting that the good old man whose name it bears might be able to say, as he did over forty years ago, "The HOME MAGAZINE will come, we trust, as a *valued friend* and *pleasant visitor*, and leave the minds of all who read it refreshed and strengthened."

THE BROTHERS THREE.

This story, which has proved intensely interesting, but too long, will be completed in our February number.

We have sent this January issue to all our *old subscribers* whether they had renewed their subscriptions or not, but if there are any of last year's subscribers who do not intend to renew for 1892 that would like to have the concluding chapter who will send us two (2) two-cent stamps to pay the expense of mailing, we will gladly send them the February magazine also.

This is probably offering you a premium not to renew your subscription, but, on the other hand, it is keeping faith with all of you. To our new subscribers we

are giving so much that they can hardly complain about the small amount of space taken up by this serial story, and we shall more than make it up during the year.

THREE MONTHS FREE.

Our offer of last month to give all new subscribers three months free if sent in before January 1st, is extended one month longer at the request of a large number of our friends who have been delayed in getting their friends to subscribe.

COUPONS EXTENDED.

The coupon offer made in November is also extended one month for the same reason.

AGENTS WANTED.

We are exceedingly anxious to increase our circulation as rapidly as possible and will make very favorable terms with any one who will devote a certain amount of their time to securing new subscribers for this Magazine. There is not to-day a MAGAZINE published in the English language that gives its subscribers as much for the money as Arthur's New Home.

It is easy to get subscribers for it if you try. Send us the names of any of your friends and tell us that you will ask them either personally or *by letter* to subscribe and we will send them a copy by return mail free. Don't forget, new subscribers get *three months free*. Try and use your coupons anyhow before February. They are worth fifty cents each until then.

ALL YOUR PATTERNS FREE.

As you will see by examining the Fashion Supplement, we have arranged with Messrs. McCall & Co., of New York, to give each of you three dollars' worth of the latest patterns free during the year 1892. You are not limited to the few patterns we publish, as in other magazines, but you have the choice of thousands.



BY JOSEPH P. REED.

BOOK NOTES.

THROWN On Her Own Resources. Mrs. J. C. Croly (*Jenny June*). Thomas J. Crowell & Co., Publishers.—This is a book that should find its way into the hands of every workingwoman, so full is it of practical suggestions, so kindly and sympathetic is its tone. Mrs. Croly comprehends the needs and the limitations of girls who are making their own way in the world, with the many hindrances that often beset them, and in two pleasantly-written chapters gives them many useful hints with regard to the proper dress and food for the workingwoman. The whole book is full of friendly counsel; but these two chapters we especially commend, because this is the sort of knowledge that girls need. The contrast between the millionaire's daughter, in her well-made cotton gown, and the shop-girl, in her "flimsy silk-oline," is admirably drawn, and the story of the girl who planned her home work and cooking so well that they received due attention, and yet did not interfere with her regular employment outside, is a chapter of domestic science worthy the attention of those who make a serious study of the problems of life.

One Reason Why. Beatrice Whitby. D. Appleton & Co., Publishers.—*One Reason Why* is the story of a young girl who on her mother's death is compelled to earn her own living. She becomes governess to two charming children belonging to an old family whose chief heirlooms are a very beautiful estate and the tradition of a revengeful ghost. While filling this position she falls in love with and wins the love of the heir. After overcoming the usual amount of obstacles, real and imaginary, they are happily married. The marriage of the eldest son with one whose social position is beneath his, seems to satisfy the ghost who in life had herself been a governess in the family, who had been murdered, and the ill-luck of the house disappears. Like all of Miss Whitby's stories the book is well written and interesting; her children are particularly well drawn.

Donald Ross, of Heimra. William Black. Harper & Brothers, Publishers.—The young heiress and heroine of this story who makes such brave efforts to improve the conditions and remove all the discontent of her Higbland tenants, reminds us of the fable of the old man and his donkey. In this case, however, the task is lightened by the friendship and aid of the son of the former laird, Donald Ross, of Heimra. Of course, the heiress and Donald are married in the orthodox way and the book ends happily. This book is, we think, the best Mr. Black has written for

some time and worthy of being classed among his most successful novels.

Tales of Two Countries. Alexander Killand. Harper & Brothers, Publishers.—These stories, which amount to little more than sketches, are written in a clear, vigorous style. Most of them are decidedly cynical, "A Good Conscience" being the most striking example of this. The "Peat Moor" is the prettiest sketch in the volume, which is thoroughly enjoyable throughout.

The Heirs of Bradley House. Amanda Douglass. Lee & Shepard, Publishers.—We think this story somewhat spoiled by being very long-drawn out, rambling, and possessing too many characters for the author's management.

Grandfather Gray. Kate Tannatt Woods. Lee & Shepard, Publishers.—This poem so daintily illustrated cannot fail to find its way into the hearts of old and young alike, carrying us back to the days of long ago.

STORIES FOR GIRLS.

In Old Quinnebasset. Sophie May. Lee & Shepard, Publishers.—Sophia May has endeared herself to girls from childhood up by the *Dottie Dimple* books and others too numerous and well known to mention. *Old Quinnebasset* we do not think as interesting as her others. It is somewhat rambling and has too many characters to be well handled. It is, however, pretty and agreeably written.

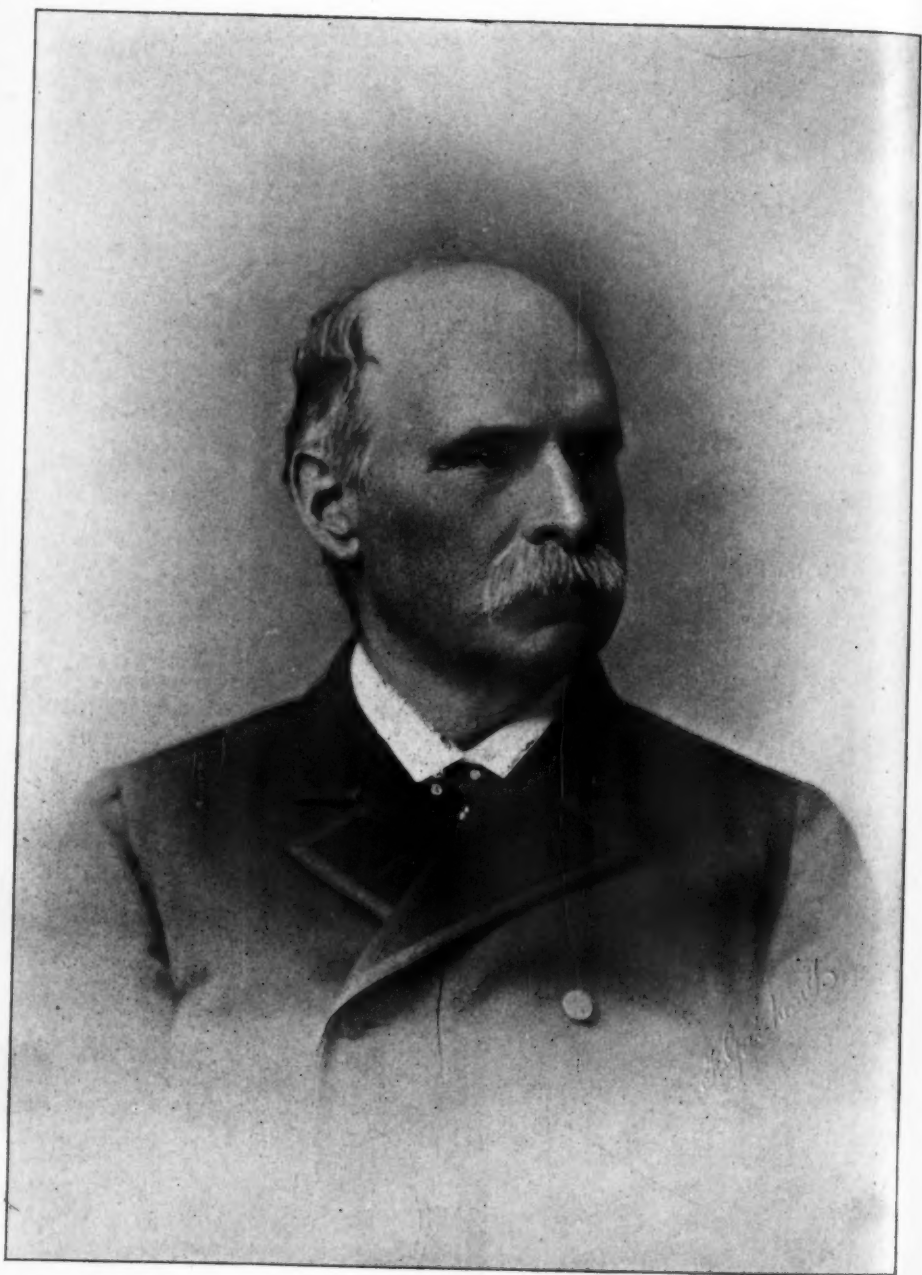
BOOKS FOR THE CHILDREN.

Tom Tucker and Little Bo-Peep. Thomas Hood. Illustrated in colors by Alice Wheaton Adams. Cassell Publishing Company.—Lovers of *Mother Goose* will find a treat before them in this edition of Hood's poem, which is really a condensed *Mother Goose*. The illustrations are beautiful and the book one which will make a very dainty Christmas gift for the little ones.

New and True. Mary Wiley Staver. Lee & Shepard, Publishers.—These rhymes and rhythms and histories droll cannot fail to prove attractive to the children in this handsomely illustrated edition.

Little Captain Doppelkop. Ingersoll Lockwood. Illustrated by Clifton Johnson. Lee & Shepard, Publishers.—This quaintly-told tale of the wonderful adventures of a funny little captain among funny people in Bubbleland will be found very entertaining reading for the small folks, who will enjoy it all, especially the visit of Captain Doppelkop to the "Gummi-Hummis," the queer jelly people with their sea-green hair and transparent bodies. The book is full of interesting adventures and cannot fail to please.





ANTHONY JOSEPH DREXEL,
Founder of the Drexel Institute.